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MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberose
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier
Falls sweeter far on the living ear:
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness!

Ah! what are kisses on cold clay lips
To the rosy mouth we press
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress!
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you ride the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes whence the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away,
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART III.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

On, over the old, black, square paving stones, they slowly pursued their way, along the narrow, straight road, past the noble tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the nameless one beyond, on whose summit olive trees and grape vines thrive, and peasants' smiling faces look down from their cottage door, reaching at last the tower of basalt which Rome's barbarian invaders reared for purpose of defense upon the massive foundations of a tomb. Here they paused to enjoy the grand panorama that was spread out before them as far as the eye could reach. Between them and the Eternal City, once the world's proud capitol, lay the Campagna's broad breast, scarred with the ruins that the ages had left upon it, while midway, the broken arches of the Claudian and Marcian aqueducts spanned it like girdles, rent here and there by the struggles of the conqueror, Time. Green vines clambered everywhere over grey ruins, and did their best to cover their ugly gaps and fissures. Frascati and Albano gleamed and flushed from the hillsides, and high above them Rocca di Papa frowned down in solitary grandeur.

As they were slowly walking, followed by their carriage, their attention was attracted by cries in the distance, and the unusual sight of a commotion among the laborers on the road just where it turns, and is lost to sight in the close vicinity of the railway. A train had whizzed past, and now, as the smoke and dust scattered, they saw two horses madly plunging across the Campagna. Mr. Lee hurried his sister and Agatha into their carriage, and driving rapidly onwards they soon came to the scene of the accident. They found the former occupant of the carriage seated upon a fragment of a tomb, assiduously nursing his right ankle, which seemed to be giving him no little pain.

"Zounds, Davenport! Is that you? If you had not been in such a confounded hurry to get past us, you would not have come to grief in this way," said Mr. Lee, who had alighted, and was approaching him. They shook hands, and Mr. Davenport made an ineffectual attempt to hobble up to the carriage, to speak to the ladies, but was glad to sit down again; whereupon Aunt Hester and Agatha descended, and went to him. They insisted upon his making use of their carriage to return, and Mr. Lee, with the aid of Mr. Davenport's servant and his own, succeeded in helping him into it, where, with his foot raised upon the opposite seat, he soon found himself suffering less pain. They stopped at the peasant's cottage, and with a supply of handkerchiefs as bandages, and compresses wrung out from cold water, he was still further relieved, and they reached their hotel with much more comfort to Mr. Davenport's sprained ankle than they could have anticipated. They insisted upon taking him to the hotel where they were stopping, that they might see he was well cared for; and later in the evening, when the coachman returned with the captured horses, accompanied by Mr. Davenport's servant, who had been left behind, the latter made the necessary transfer of the luggage. And now Mr. Davenport, being made much of in his helpless condition, rather enjoyed his sprain, which proved of a less serious nature than the physician at first thought. Agatha often read to him, to help while the hours away, as he lay upon the lounge, which was daily wheeled (himself upon it) from his sitting room into their own. He was one of the family now, to all seeming intents and purposes. He breakfasted, he lunched, and he dined with them; and as soon as his sprain allowed him to walk up and down the stairs he invariably accompanied them in their afternoon drives. It was with unmixed feelings of satisfaction that he found Mr. Lee consulting him in all his plans of travel, and more than once Agatha referred to him as though it were a settled thing that he should go with them to Naples. But when they had reached that city, and the days of their stay flitted by into weeks, and all his penetration failed to detect any warmer feeling in Agatha than friendship, he began to be less sanguine in his hopes than during the time when they had been thrown so constantly together; while her sympathy for his sufferings had made her voice more tender in its tones than she was aware, and her eyes share the tenderness. He never alarmed Agatha by any intimation of his hopes that her friendship would ripen into love. On the contrary, he treated her in such a matter-of-fact brotherly way as to completely throw her off her guard. For the first time in her life she had a friend whom she was able to treat with a sisterly familiarity, and she found it very charming to have so devoted a brother. Mr. Lee and Aunt Hester already began to talk between themselves of the possibilities and probabilities, but were careful never to make any illusions before Agatha that might have the effect of changing her demeanor toward Mr. Davenport. The little world of Americans, in which were drifting rumors of Miss Lee's engagement to a titled Englishman, looked complacently upon their apparent devotion: those who did not know Mr. Davenport, declaring him to be an English earl, whom she was going to marry; and those who did know him, hazarding the conjecture that Davenport hade fair to cut the duke out, for sometimes it was one title and sometimes the other that was bestowed upon the supposed *fiance*.

One day, when they had made the ascent of Vesuvius as far as the Hermitage, Mr. Lee and his sister were enjoying the superb view before them of the Bay of Naples, blue as the heavens; the islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, steeped in golden light, or softly shaded with purple tints by the fleecy clouds that were sailing over them, the wavy outline of coast uniting every element of beauty that the imagination can conceive; stretching from Sorrento to Cape Misenum in a crescent, glittering with white towns, and dotted with scattered villas. While they lingered long on the terrace to enjoy this magnificent panorama, Agatha and Mr. Davenport found seats within, in an open window, that looked toward Vesuvius. For days the volcano had been in an unusual state of activity, but on account of the black clouds that shrouded the summit from sight but little could be seen of its terrors and sublimities. A breeze that had sprung up had swept away every vestige of a cloud from its vicinity—the veil had been rent from the Shekinah, and its awful mysteries were disclosed to their eyes.

As Agatha looked, it seemed to her like some gigantic sacrificial altar, from which the smoke of the incense was ascending to heaven. Now the soft white masses were whirled one side by the enormous puffs of thick black smoke that mounted straight to the skies, and now great flame-colored torrents of gaseous vapors leapt from the crater and blended with and were lost in the dark ascending volumes. Between them and the cone sluggish streams of lava crept toward them, so slowly that the motion was scarcely perceivable; and although the molten mass glowed through the hot cinders like liquid fire, the upper crust was as grey as the smouldering ashes of a furnace.

Agatha, fascinated by the sight, sat speechless, motionless, her head resting against one side of the casement.

Mr. Davenport's gaze was more restless, dwelling longer upon Agatha's face than upon the smoking mountain. At last he said:

"Do you remember a fragment of fresco, hanging on the wall of one of the corridors in the Uffizzi gallery at Florence—near the hall of Niobe—a woman, partially reclining, with her eyes cast upwards?"

"With a Cupid aiming his dart at her? Certainly, I remember it; but how came you to think of that fresco at such a moment as this?"

"For the very good reason that you remind me of it. In fact, I thought of you when I first saw it."

"What a very common face I must have. I am always reminding some one either of pictures or of people."

"A very picture-like face, certainly; but by no means a common one. On the contrary, a very uncommon one. At the end of the same gallery there was a statue—a woman seated in a chair, with the queenliest pose of head I ever saw in marble. I always thought of you when I passed that head, although the features were not yours; they were more like Mrs. Tracey's—*the ci-devant* Mrs. Tracey. Poor creature, I heard of her death at Florence. Sad, was it not?"

A long deep quivering sigh was Agatha's only answer.

Mr. Davenport, not knowing of her strong affection for her friend, nor of the circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Mortimer, noted the sigh, and treasured it in his remembrance as the first token of encouragement that he had received.

Just then the noise of a party dismounting reached them, and almost immediately people chatting and laughing, in tones familiar to Agatha and Mr. Davenport, entered. There were seven in all—Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Arthur Grey, Miss Lennox, Mr. Clawson, Colonel Potten and Mr. Jenkins. Mrs. Grey wore widow's weeds, but seemed withal to be in a very jolly mood.

Significant glances were exchanged between some members of the party (on the sly, of course) as Agatha and Mr. Davenport were discovered in the window seat. It was a very merry company that took luncheon together that day in the Hermitage; for at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Atherton, Mr. Lee's party joined their own, the servants of each having brought with them hampers filled with viands, and wines that would have tempted the appetites of those less hungry than invariably are the toilers up Vesuvius.

When they came to take their chairs at the table, Mr. Jenkins said, "Miss Lee you ought to be seated between Colonel Potten and myself; and Mrs. Atherton must be on the other side of me. That was the arrangement at the last dinner-party we were at together. Now, I ask you, is it not remarkable that six of us who were at that dinner should take our luncheon together on Vesuvius?"

"No more remarkable than things that are constantly happening," answered Agatha. "I often say that real life has far more in the way of singular coincidences and romance than any novel of the present school."

The seat assigned by Mrs. Atherton to Agatha brought her where Mr. Jenkins had proposed she should sit; and as Mr. Davenport was at the other end of the table, Mr. Jenkins found an opportunity, before the luncheon was ended, to quiz her a little about him.

"I am divided in opinion as to which of your suitors is the lucky man," he said. "Rumor says that you have forgotten all the grievances that we have received at the hands of England during our late war, and are going to confer upon one of her sons the prize for which so many of our own countryman have sued in vain; but if appearances are not very deceitful, I should say you had thought better of the rash act."

"Appearances *are* very deceitful," replied Agatha; "and rumor almost invariably is in the wrong. I long since made up my mind that I would remain a spinster."

"Just what others have done before you, who in the end used their woman's privilege of changing their minds," said Mr. Jenkins.

"You will find that I am not like other women, for I shall never marry," persisted Agatha.

"I have heard that same assertion from lips that it was also my privilege to hear pronounce audibly the marriage vow before a twelvemonth had rolled around. With your permission, I will record it for future reference," and Mr. Jenkins drew out his note book, and wrote under that day's date "Miss Agatha Lee has decided that she will never marry."

"What are you writing in your note-book?" said Miss Lennox from across the table.

"I am writing down Miss Agatha Lee's solemn assurance that she will never marry; in order that I may have the pleasure of showing it to her husband some day."

"I think Mr. Jenkins will not have to go far, nor wait long," she said *sotto voce* to Colonel Potten, who smiled rather grimly in reply.

The next steamer to the United States took out letters from various members of the Atherton party, confirming the rumors which had already crossed that Agatha Lee would soon be married to Ormus Davenport, who, it was said, had inherited a title with his English property; and this report reaching the ears of Carroll Tracey, he sat down and wrote a few lines to her as follows:

"I hear it authentically stated that you will soon be Lady Davenport. I do not believe it. You will not give yourself to anyone who does not possess your soul, and that is already mine. You cannot build up such a wall—the only wall of separation that ever could come between us. I know it is not so, and yet only the thought causes me to shiver, and sends the blood boiling through my veins."

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS DISCUSSED—PLATONIC LOVE A HUMBUG.

Everything shows that we are here as in a training-school, and surrounded by circumstances which, by demanding the energetic exercise of our faculties, tend to preserve and strengthen them. —*Benedict.*

A few days after the unexpected meeting on Vesuvius, Mr. Lee's party joined Mr. Atherton's on an excursion to Pompeii. The day proved equally favorable, but with the waning of the full moon Vesuvius had grown sullen, no longer sending up volumes of incense to the skies, nor pouring down its sides the fiery torrents which had contributed such weird sublimity to the scene. Its thunderings had subsided, first into more and more distant mutterings, and then ceased entirely; so that they were able to explore the long-buried city without any fears of a catastrophe similar to the one that had swept the lovely town out of existence nearly two thousand years before. For hours they wandered through the principal streets, visiting all the houses of note, where fragments of beautiful frescoes and mosaics proclaimed the refined tastes of their owners as well as the skill of their artisans. They traversed the ruins of majestic temples, basilicas, forums, theatres, baths, and arches of triumph, Agatha wishing for solitude, that she might the better enjoy the mazes of thought into which these scenes carried her mind.

By special permisson they lunched in the beautiful "House of the Faun," and fully imbued with the spirit of the place each represented for the time some character associated with Pompeii, either by history, romance, or legend.

So well they sustained their parts, with mantles and shawls draped as tunics, stolas, and togas, that much amusement was afforded by Mrs. Atherton's happy thought, she having been the one to propose the personifications.

"Now that we have ended this child's play," said Mr. Lee, unpinning the napkin which his daughter had playfully fastened so as to fall in classical folds around his head, 'and I am no longer Sallust, but a man in a monkey jacket and trousers, what is next expected of me? Possibly the next suggestion may be for a sacrifice, and I shall be called upon to officiate as a high-priest—or a victim. Which is it to be, priestess Eumachia?"

Before Agatha could answer, Colonel Potten said:

"One who has had so many sacrifices offered up to her, surely will not demand more."

"Listen to Glaucus! Young man, I advise you to go home," said Mr. Jenkins, removing from his head a garland of green rushes he had worn in his character of a gladiator. "I advise you, in the most disinterested way, to escape to your domicile, or you will be dragged before the civil tribunal for the crime of making love to a priestess. Fly! the magistrates are on the alert! Remember the fate of Publius Amitstius! It is high sacrilege to make love to the priestess Eumachia. Besides, there is no hope for you; has she not recorded a vow that she will never marry? Diomede, may I take the liberty of asking you to help me on with my overcoat?"

Mr. Clawson, thus called upon, officiated as a valet so satisfactorily as to receive the encouraging assurance that he was born for one.

As the sun declined, a cool breeze came up from the sea; and, as determined upon previously, they all walked back to the Temple of Jupiter, to obtain another glimpse of the unparralled view it commands illumined by those magic hues which the setting sun throws over mountains and ruins alike in Italy, steeping the sea even in shades of ruby, gold, and violet. Here they lingered until the sun went down, and then hurrying across the Forum, past the Temples of Mercury and Venus, and around by the grand Basilica, they came to Porta della Marina, where their carriages were waiting. Before separating, they arranged to meet the following morning at the little building in the grounds of the the Villa Reale, called Pompeiorama, from the dioramic views which it contains of Pompeii, as it now is and as it was in the day of the past, even to delineations of the sports of the gladiators, of the solemn sacrifices of bridal feasts, and of its last days, when Vesuvius poured over all terrible torrents of ashes and fire. It was here that they realised as never before what the ill-fated city had once been, when ornamented with treasures of art in bronze, and marble, and fresco, and peopled with beautiful women and kingly men, whose gay flowing robes made every group a picture worthy of being transfered to canvas. Streets spanned by triumphal arches, fountains everywhere gushing into mosaic basins or marble cisterns, forums spreading wide their areas, lined with gaily painted corridors, and paved with colored marbles; temples of exquisite proportions, embellished with an art that defies competition after the lapse of centuries; and private houses, small though they be, decorated with a graceful elegance that had never since been attained, even in the dwellings of kings. All this, and more than can be described, representing the customs and habits of the people of Pompeii, and the enchanting views that surrounded the city, did they find within the walls of the building in the National Garden of Naples; and as they went away from it, all were enthusiastic over the pleasure they had received, excepting Mr. Davenport. He walked silently by the side of Agatha, Colonel Potten having appropriated to himself the other side. Aunt Hester, Mrs. Grey, and Miss Lennox, accompanied by Mr. Lee, Mr. Clawson, and Mr. Atherton, crossed the grounds for a better view of the bay, which was a little turbulent in the equinoctial gale that had been blowing. Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Jenkins were sauntering slowly in the rear.

"Colonel Potten, you are wanted," called Miss Lennox. "Pray come and enlighten us as to whether that vessel coming into the harbour is a man-of-war." As he approached she lowered her voice. "This is only a little *ruse* of mine in behalf of Mr. Davenport."

"I was just fancying myself *de trop*, and I thank you for your consideration," he answered.

"My consideration for myself?" asked Miss Lennox, laughing. "I assure you that, with all my philanthropy, I am not quite sure I would have exerted myself in their behalf only that I felt in the mood of talking to you. I want you to tell me what the relationship is between Mr. Clawson and the Athertons."

"I think he is a cousin of Mr. Atherton."

"I wonder whether Mr. Atherton is blind to Mr. Jenkins' devotion. Really, although it is none of my business, I do wish Mr. Clawson and Mr. Atherton would go their own way."

"Nonsense; there is nothing wrong about that little woman. She knows what she is about, and is quite able to take care of herself."

"I am not sure of that. She has a wretchedly unhappy look—unsatisfied, as if she had found out too late that her husband's greatest attraction was his money."

"Why, she knew that before she married—she married him with her eyes open. Yet I have heard that it was her mother persuaded her. What strange beings mothers are—ambitious ones, I mean. They think no more of selling a daughter than a man would think of selling a bale of cotton."

"You are right; and when I see how daughters are sacrificed, it helps to reconcile me to having lost my mother when I was too young to know her worth. Possibly, had she lived, I might have been an unhappy wife this very moment, who knows?"

"You have suggested a new idea to me, Miss Lennox. Without doubt, a girl who has no mother is more likely to marry for love than one who has. Take Miss Lee for instance, as well as yourself. Everyone knows that you have both had no end of admirers; and yet, as far as I know, neither of you have ever thought of marriage."

"I most certainly never have, for the excellent reason that I once heard given by another—those whom I would have had did not want me, and those who wanted me the old Nick himself would not have taken. But with Agatha it is different. She had many eligible offers, but never yet fallen in love, I fancy, from all that I have heard her say."

"I do not believe she ever will 'fall in love;' if she waits for that, I am sure she will never marry."

"And I am equally sure that unless she does she will always remain single. I daresay you think Colonel Potten, that she has passed the age when girls fall in love; but I once read the love of youth, when compared with the love of maturer years, is in strength like the froth on the champagne to the wine itself, and I believe it."

"Oh no, it is not that I think her too old, by any means; but that she has formed too high an ideal to have any chance of coming across it in this world. I feel quite sure it will be an affair of reason more of sentiment with her. She is evidently giving Mr. Davenport every opportunity to plead his suit, for I do not agree with Clawson in thinking him an accepted lover."

"Without doubt he is in love with her, I should say; but I agree with you in your opinion. He is not yet certain of his prize, but he would be a good match for her in every way."

"I should not be surprised to hear the engagement announced at any time. Nevertheless, I should maintain my opinion, that it would not be a love match as far as she was concerned; but I daresay, if Davenport succeeds, he will be very well contented, even on such terms, for I am quite sure she would not accept him without telling him just what her feelings are."

Miss Lennox shook her head, "Agatha Lee will never marry any man whom she does not love—no, no sooner than I would. A woman who truly loves, if she be true to her instincts, could give herself to the man of her choice, and regret that she had no more to give him; while nothing would tempt her to marry one whom she did not love."

Colonel Potten, looking in Miss Lennox's face, thought her wonderfully sensible; and more than that, he thought her charming, when upon their eyes meeting he saw in them a softer light than he had ever seen before, and a warm flush spreading over her face.

She continued, "Mr. Davenport will never win her, and he is far to fine a man to be jilted; not that I think Agatha would intentionally deceive him, and lead him on, but her head is so full of Platonic affection that she never suspects any tenderer sentiments in a man, until he declares his love. Mrs. Grey, now would adore him upon the slightest provocation."

"Mrs. Grey has a way of adoring every handsome man she meets, has she not? What a fortunate thing for her that her husband died. Mr. Mortimer's return to America, after his wife's death, must have been a great disappointment."

"How dreadful! I did not think you could be so uncharitable. Mrs. Grey is no favorite of yours, I see. I thought you, in common with other men, liked best those women who are a little *legere*."

"For amusement, yes; for wives, no."

"I do assure you that you have formed a wrong idea of Mrs. Grey. She is thoughtless—a little giddy perhaps, fond of admiration, and this comprises her list of faults. She is very kind hearted, very amiable. I have never heard her say an ill-natured word of anyone in my life."

"That is saying a great deal, and such a quality should cover a multitude of sins. Still, a man appreciates fidelity in a woman more than all other virtues combined, I believe; and a fickle, frivolous creature, like Mrs. Grey, possesses no attraction for me."

"A prejudice is as hard to combat in a man as to overcome a fascination. We all have our aversions and our predilections; there is no accounting for them. Are you a believer in affinities and in Platonic love, Colonel Potten?"

"If you mean by affinities some persons being more congenial to you than others, I am a believer, as who is not? but I detest the humbug in the word, since it has been used by so many, as a cloak for all sorts of conjugal infidelities in the spirit if not in the letter. As for Platonic love, I do not believe in its existence. Women may be capable of a cool and wise affection for a man, but it should be called friendship; and you may rest assured, that, in nine cases out of ten, where there is such a feeling, it will ripen into love."

"That is what men always say; yet here is Miss Lee, who has had many friendships, and I have never heard that any of them ever ripened into love. One of my best friends is a married man, and my affection for him is so well reciprocated that his wife calls me her successor."

"Bravo! you are coming round upon my side. I think such friendships admirably suited to fit a woman to become a *successor*."

"But I do assure you, if he were single, and the only man in the world, I would not marry him; and he knows me entirely too well to wish to marry me."

Which speech caused Colonel Potten to laugh not a little at her.

When they reached the hotel, Miss Lennox followed Agatha to her room, and in the course of conversation repeated what Colonel Potten had said about friendship ripening into love. "Is is not vexatious," she added, "that men are always ready to suspect women of a warmer feeling if they are sufficiently interested in them to feel friendship? I maintain that there can be no such thing as the budding of friendship into love; for it is either the one or the other from the first inception of the feeling; or, to carry out the simile, a budding friendship matures into the flower of friendship. You never hear of falling into friendship; but to be really in love, you not only fall into it, but you plunge in, head over ears, according to my ideas."

Agatha was silent.

"I am sure you agree with me," said Miss Lennox.

Checking the impulse she felt to disclose to her friend the radical change that her views upon this subject had experienced, she replied:

"It is very easy to form theories, and to indulge in speculations; but I remember a line in an old copybook, 'Experience is the best schoolmaster.' I think Colonel Potten partly right and partly wrong—wrong, inasmuch as he says that in nine cases out of ten friendship will ripen into love, whereas I think it must be the rarest thing in the world to do so; yet, just because of the bare possibility, I am no longer an advocate of Platonic affection."

"But what harm if friendship does ripen into love? I would cling to my flag, if I were you. In my opinion, it only goes to prove that men are made of baser clay than women, when they doubt the possibility of a strong friendship existing between them. But even if it does develop into a warmer sentiment, I would never cease to advocate such friendships. I think the friendship of a noble man throws a charm around life that no woman's friendship can confer. Now, I ask you, what harm could possibly be where two who had fancied themselves to be nothing more than friends should suddenly awaken to the consciousness that they were lovers? Getting married is not such an awful catastrophe as to deter me from indulging in what Colonel Potten calls 'the calm, cold, wise, semtiment,' for fear of the result."

"But if one, or both were already married, what then?" asked Agatha.

"That would be quite impossible, according to my ideas. No good married women or men could ever feel an affection that would conflict with their duties, I am sure."

"But supposing they had married without really loving each other, and supposing one of them should find the object of a friendship daily becoming dearer, until the world seemed empty without the presence of that one, would it not be dangerous to indulge in such a friendship under the cloak of Platonic love? This is what Colonel Potten means, and I fully agree with him in denouncing it as a humbug."

"But the existence of counterfeit coin does not prove that there are no gold coins. I do not lose my faith in gold because there is a baser metal. No, call it by whatever name you will—friendship, affection, Platonic love—there is nothing in life so desirable until a woman marries and has a husband and children to fill her heart, and engross all her thoughts; and I am not going to renounce my discipleship, although the apostle of Platonism retracts and calls her former belief heresy."

Agatha smiled, and after a moments meditation said: "Now, I am going to suppose a case to you. I have often heard say that you are devoted to the husband of one of your friends, and that he is quite as fond of you. If some day you should find that your friend's husband had been struggling with a warmer affection for you than he had ever betrayed, and that this knowledge should kindle in your heart a flame, which——"

"Stop!" said Miss Lennox, "you are supposing a sheer impossibility. I am not going to be caught in that way, although, *argumentum ad hominem*, I might infer that you had. If any married man

dared to breathe a sentiment to me, the knowledge of which would even so much as grieve his wife, no matter how much I might have liked him. I should loose all respect for him from that moment. 'A man who is incapable of loyalty to his wife is also incapable of loyalty to a friend, and I shall never again consider you my friend.'"

"I quite agree with you, that that is the right way to feel; but I do not think anyone knows exactly how one feel, or what one would say, under such circumstances, until the experience comes. Of course you would say it, as you feel now, but under other circumstances, you might not only be unable to say it, but unable to feel it also."

"I would say it whether I felt it or not. I cannot conceive anything so humiliating as for a woman to feel a sinful love. I should die with the shame of it, if it were possible for me to feel such a love."

"This is exactly the point that I wished to arrive at. Would any love that came to you unsought, be a sinful love if not yielded to—if struggled against? Once I would have called it so, but since I have known more of human nature I have changed my ideas. Have you ever read a book called 'On the Heights?'"

"I tried to read it, but it was too much *on the heights* for me to finish it. It was so sickly in its sentimentalism that I was disgusted with it."

"Sickly? why I have read it over and over, finding nothing but the most healthy sentiments expressed. If you had followed the poor penitent to the heights where her atonement was made, you could not have failed to appreciate her purity of character. I once laid down the book before finishing it with the same feeling that you express; but——"

"I read quite far enough to discover her character," interposed Miss Lennox. "I did not throw the book down until after she had become the King's mistress."

"The King's mistress!" echoed Agatha. "Can it be possible that for one moment you imagined such a thing? What an injustice to the Countess Irma! I cannot conceive how any woman could so wrong another."

"Nor can I conceive how a woman possessing common sense could ever read that book and not see that it is so. Why, the plot turns upon that circumstance. If, as you think, she maintained her innocence, why did she suffer such remorse, of conscience as followed her treachery to her friend?"

"It was that for which she suffered remorse. Do you suppose that a woman who was capable of sustaining such relations to the King as you suggest would have been capable of feeling any remorse for it afterwards?—would have flown from her lover as she fled, obdurate to all his entreaties that she would return? No, believe me, only a good, pure woman suffers as she suffered, from the knowledge that she had been the means of causing the husband of her friend to waver in his allegiance towards his wife—that she herself had been guilty of indulging in a sentiment rendered unholy because of other ties and other claims. Do you not remember her answer, when her brother applied to her for her interest in his behalf, intimating how great her influence was with the King, and what the little world of the Court thought of it? I do not think Cæsar's reply, *'And thou too, Brutus?'* surpassed it for pathos. How could you so have wronged the noble-hearted woman?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SOUL OF THE POET.—The Chinese have a notion that the soul of a poet passes into a grasshopper, because it sings till it starves.

THE SPHERICITY OF THE EARTH.—Those of the ancients who did not believe in the sphericity of the earth thought it a cylinder or an extended plane. Homer made it circular and the outside water, and this was the idea of the Jews. The later Greeks, from Pythagoras and Thales, taught the sphericity. But the Popes believed it a plane, giving all the west to the Kings of Spain.

AN ANCIENT PEOPLE.—There is a remnant of a race of Indians in Mexico who are entirely different from any other tribe on the Continent, and are supposed to be descended from the ancient Toltects, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar conformation of skull and face, are of peaceful habits, and live by agriculture. They weave cloth, build with tools made of stone, and build towns of stone and mortar. They have now seven small towns; but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

THE YEW.—The shade of the yew was at one time considered fatal to any creature sleeping beneath. It was always an emblem of death and silence; and for this reason, and perhaps for its great length of life and freedom from deterioration, it was selected as an emblem of incorruptibility. It appears that the ancient belief of yew-wood counteracting and curing the bite of the serpent may in some way be connected with this supposed quality; but in support of this or any other reason for its selection, there is little or no evidence to bring forward.

A FRENCH FANCY.—One of the pretty fancies of the French people is to make colors the expression of sentiment. They hold that violet is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and azure sky. A bunch of violets would therefore tell a lady's suitor that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow rays of the spectrum which cause the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of rivalry; green, the love of change, fickleness; black, favoritism; white, unity, universality. In addition to the seven primitive colors, gray indicates power; brown, prudery; pink, modesty; silver gray (semi violet,) feeble friendship; rose pink, false shame.

RESOLUTION TO BE SILENT.—Madame Regnier, the wife of a law officer at Versailles, while talking in the presence of a numerous party, dropped some remarks which were out of place, though not very important. Her husband reprimanded her before the whole company, saying, "Silence, madam; you are a fool!" She lived twenty or thirty years afterwards, and never uttered a single word, not even to her children! A pretended theft was committed in her presence, in the hope of taking her by surprise, but without effect, and nothing could induce her to speak. When her consent was requisite for the marriage of any of her children, she bowed her head and signed the contract. The obstinate pettish conduct of this woman proved her to be what her husband said she was.

A TENDER MEMORY.

BY M. S. B.

A little footstep pattering on the floor,
A golden head laid gently on my knee;
A shadow darkening all the earth and sky,
And life is sad and desolate to me.

Sweet lips half parted in a peaceful smile;
The light of God upon that baby brow;
A hush upon the tiny waxen face—
Our darling's but a tender memory now.

Our grief nigh spent, we try to calmly think,
To ask ourselves, half sternly: Is it right
That we should mourn that to eternal rest
Her infant form was laid by us to-night?

In later years her footsteps might have turned
Aside from paths that point the heavenly gate;
Perchance she might have heard the awful words:
"You cannot enter now—too late—too late!"

And, now? Ah, yes! our darling calmly sleeps;
Earth holds for her nor hope, nor grief, nor loss.
Another life has gained the pardon won
With such deep pain upon the bitter cross.

"LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

When the scarlet cloaks came in, there was no one to whom they were more becoming than Miss Winifred Cassell. In her ordinary walking dress of black or grey, she was merely a very pretty girl, whose bright brown eyes, and bronze-brown tresses, always attracted their share of attention and admiration, especially among the younger and more susceptible of her gentlemen acquaintances, but under the dazzling shade of the tasseled hood, with its brilliant scarlet linings, she suddenly appeared a beauty.

Thenceforth she could not but feel that she was the object of constant attention and admiration. People passed her in the street with open and prolonged glances of observation, that made her cheeks burn brighter than her scarlet cloak; the very school-boys stared in respectful silence as she went by; shopmen waited upon her assiduously; invitations poured in from previously unknown quarters; a rising young artist begged leave to paint her portrait as Little Red Riding-Hood. Her lover, Frank Forester, wrote some very pretty verses to her in this character; breathing flattery and admiration enough to turn a stronger head, but deficient in a more important particular, as Mrs. Cassell thought, since they committed him to nothing.

The young lady's own manner to him, though encouraging, was that of the sweetest reserve and dignity. But the mother could not be so free and calm; there were seven sisters in the little house, growing up to loveliness and maturity—all interesting; some pretty; more than one distinctly handsome already; all dependent on the feeble efforts of a father in delicate health.

Educate them as little, dress them as cheaply, economize as closely and carefully as she might, these girls must still be constant sources of expense and anxiety, till some, at least, were married, and with homes and means of their own, might share, perhaps, the burden of the rest. But of this there seemed at present no hope, for Winny was the only one of marriageable age.

Her hopes had long turned to Winny, and Winny's admirers, especially Frank Forester, the young bank clerk, whose position and connections were most desirable. But poor Mrs. Cassell, worldly as had been her education, knew nothing of the thousand "necessary expenses" devolving upon the innocent and pleasing young man whom she so kindly welcomed to her house. Horses, cigars, theatres, champagne-suppers, billiards, and summer watering-place dissipations were the needful adjuncts that more than consumed his modest stipend, and kept him constantly irritated with debt, and dependent on his rich relatives, beyond all hope of marrying. Great as might be his admiration for the beautiful heroine of his verses, he had no idea of bettering her condition by any self-sacrifice of his own; and this, Winny—wiser than her mother in one point—instinctively felt and accepted, without regret or reflection, satisfied to enjoy the delightful triumphs of youth and loveliness, secure from analysis or prevision, and to take contentedly whatever grudging fate might see fit to offer in their stead when the season was over.

But the little beauty, as is too often the case, had over-estimated her strength. Her heart was being gradually gained by the constant, but unspoken, devotion of her admirer; and she had nothing to show for it except a few faded bits of bouquets and a copy of second-rate verses. She saw her friends and young companions—the girls of her own age—converting lovers into husbands, and though not more sincerely or flatteringly wooed than herself, yet more truly won. She did not envy these the hearts, or homes, or fortunes they enjoyed, yet a vague impatience and restlessness took possession of her; and though the bloom of her cheek did not alter, a shade of thoughtfulness mingled with her gaiety. Moreover, her pride and delicacy began to be offended by the notoriety her loveliness provoked. The picture of Little Red Riding-Hood was finished and placed on exhibition in the artist's studio. All the world went to see it, commented upon and admired it; but the sensitive mother and daughter were alive only to the bad taste of this too pronounced and public admiration—and the original of Little Red Riding-Hood was sent off to see her grandmother—in this case, an aunt.

Her escort on the journey was no less a personage than the head of the establishment in which her father earned his small salary—banker and millionaire. The poor cashier, meekly seeking an interview in the private office, to request that he might anticipate a portion of his quarterly stipend to pay his daughter's traveling expenses, was astonished by the offer of a gratuitous sum sufficient to cover all, "as a token of appreciation of his long and faithful services;" and by a proposal from his great principal to be, himself, Miss Cassell's companion and guardian, as he was going the same way at the same time.

A few questions and compliments followed, and the gratified father retired with cheeks deeply flushed, and feelings effected to unaccustomed emotion, when he kissed his pretty daughter on reaching home.

Such an honor was not to be refused. Miss Winny was ready at the appointed hour; the millionaire's own luxurious carriage came to the door to take her to the station; and his own liveried servant leaped from his perch to help the young lady in.

Safely seated in the train beside her polite escort, Winny had time to scrutinize him more closely than she had ever yet done. Independent of his artificial advantages of dress, reputation, and manner, he appeared a tall, spare man of middle age, whose thick hair had already turned grey enough to justify the epithet of "pepper-and-salt color," and whose hard, stern, rather forbidding features were lighted by a pair of keen grey eyes. He looked like one willing to display, in ever honorable way, the wealth he had honorably earned, and determined to enjoy to the utmost the power and consideration it gave him. A self-made man, raised to his present position by his own unassisted exertions. I know of none who had a better right to exhibit these signs of success than Mr. Jabez Wolfe.

His manner, however, was suave and attentive enough; very pleasant and fascinating his young charge found it; and she was puzzled to reconcile the impression it made upon her, with the earlier accounts she had heard of him from others. He had been long a widower, and was said to have proved a stern, unloving husband—a harsh and cruel father; whose wife had sunk and died beneath his yoke; whose children had escaped from it, one after another, as they reached maturity, flying to low marriages, or distasteful occupations, from the horrors of home; and were now, disowned and forgotten, scattered about the world.

The girl's gentle heart was troubled to reconcile the conduct of those unfortunate fugitives, with her good opinion of her kind and considerate escort, whose unostentatious attentions deserved and obtained her gratitude.

Mr. Wolfe heaved a sigh of satisfaction as he took his seat beside her. The light wind was playing idly with her flossy curls; her red drapery hardly matched the beautiful glow of her cheeks; her beaming, brilliant face was turned towards him with a smile of gratitude and pleasure, lighting up the lips and eyes, the shyness and fear forgotten in the kind benignity with which he treated her, and the familiarity that had sprung up during the ride they had enjoyed together.

"How shall I ever thank you for all your goodness?" said the original of Little Red Riding-Hood.

"You owe me nothing," he suavely replied. "Whatever small attentions my circumstances have enabled me to offer you, are more than repaid by the benefit you have conferred on me by your delightful companionship. I am, as you may have heard, a lonely man, forsaken by those nearest to me in blood, and not always charitably judged, I fear, by the world."

Poor Winny turned and surveyed, with infinite pity, the bowed head and grey hair of the stalwart figure beside her, and put her little hand compassionately into his.

"I have dreamed, sometimes," he softly went on, "of happiness that might be in store for me at last; of a dear companion in my splendid home; of a little figure, half daughter, half wife, whose tenderness might recompense me for the loneliness of years, and in whose youth I might renew my own. More: I have found and followed the figure that seemed to promise all this. Tell me, you who alone know, if you think my dreams will ever come true?"

The poor little girl felt her fate closing in upon her with every word, and paled and shivered in silence.

"Why do you hesitate?" he quietly said; "I woo you to a brilliant future, Winny; you shall lose nothing by becoming my wife. Your father consents—your mother approves; you can save both years of poverty, anxiety, and labor—ensure their comfort, prolong their lives."

"I cannot," she gasped; "I love—I love—I love another——"

"I know," he sneeringly rejoined; "another attachment—a mere juvenile folly. Read this, and see if your love will survive it."

He thrust into her hand a folded letter, which she tremblingly opened, slowly deciphering, through eyes full of tears, these words in her lover's well-known hand:

"DEAR WILSON—I inclose a check for fifty pounds in part payment of last night's losses, all I have before quarter-day, so you must forgive me till then. Tobin, too, is savage about his bill, and so are many others. I have 'borrowed of the till,' in the way you recommend, till I dare do so no more; and my grandfather is obstinate in refusing farther supplies. Thank you for your intercession with the Welsh heiress; without her my case would indeed be desperate; and yet it's hard to resign my Little Red Riding-Hood, while all the world is running mad about her, and marry a woman of forty for her money. Suppressing these compliments, however, please mention to Miss Leek that I will be down on Friday next, when her guardian is out of the way, and believe me ever,

Sincerely yours,
FRANK FORESTER."

The reading over, the meaning fairly understood, the banker's young companion turned upon him pale and fierce, no longer a frightened child, but an insulted woman; the brow bent, her aspect threatening.

"How was this letter obtained?" she demanded.

"What does it matter?" he coaxingly rejoined, "since he is thereby unmasked, and the proofs of his duplicity made plain? The young man is discharged from my employment, disgraced and dishonored, having been discovered in embezzling and abstracting money; for your sake only I refrained from a public prosecution and punishment. You are spared the mortification of being rejected by him; you will be gladly, joyfully accepted by me—raised to a position of luxury that a princess might envy. Can you hesitate any longer?"

The wolf's hot breath was on her cheek; it seemed to scorch her very blood. His eyes held her almost menacingly with their glowing gaze; his grip tightened on her shrinking flesh. She was fainting, but she was yielding, too, he felt.

The engine shrieked a dreadful whistle—they had reached the station, and, half-conscious, she was transferred to the carriage that was to take her to her aunt's in the arms of her companion. Not relinquishing his hold, when they were shut within, he bent over her, and pressed his thin lips upon her blanched face, the seal and sign of ownership.

When they arrived at their destination, a few moments after, the diamond ring glittered on her finger; and two tears, not less bright or costly, and more precious—the precursors and the essence of a lifetime of bitterness—were shining in her eyes.

Poor Winny! she came back to her father's after a long sojourn on the continent, a superb, stately, lovely bride, and yet a changed and altered creature, with a look of heartache in her beautiful eyes already.

Her parents are made comfortable, rich and happy for life; her sisters look and fare like little princesses; but she, I think, is weary of the world, and would be glad to leave it. Everybody admires, nobody thinks of pitying her, except a dreamy young artist, who, meeting her sometimes, beautiful and brilliant in society, guarded by her grim and grey elderly husband, goes home to his deserted studio, and turning aside a picture he will not sell, that stands always with its face against the wall, looks into the sweet, childish eyes, and sighs out sadly:

"Again the old story has come true, and the Wolfe has got Little Red Riding Hood!"

Mrs. Maitland's Plans.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Mamma, Mr. Harcourt has really come."

"Has he? How do you know?"

"I met him just now in the High street; he is so brown, and—oh dear! I've forgotten to get that wool for Maud; I must run back at once, or it will be too dark;" and away scampered mad-cap fourteen-year-old Hettie.

No sooner was the door closed behind her, than Mrs Maitland fell into a fit of musing, and the work on which her busy fingers had been employed lay unheeded in her lap.

She was the mother of a large family with three marriageable daughters.

Like all mothers, she was anxious to see her girls comfortably settled, and here was the chance of a most suitable match for one of them.

Digby Harcourt was a young man of irreproachable prospects.

At five years of age he had succeeded to the family estates. They were heavily encumbered, it is true; but by judicious management during the long minority of the young heir, every claim had been paid off; and a goodly sum in ready money had accumulated as well.

Consequently Mrs Maitland pondered and planned.

Digby Harcourt would certainly make a most desirable son-in law, therefore Mrs. Maitland considered herself justified in trying all means in her power to gain him for such a relative. And if he did not succumb to the belle-like charms, the pretty figure, the pink-and-white complexion, the rosy, pouting lips of fair-haired Lina, surely—surely he must lay down his arms before the dark eyes and queenly grace of stately Maud.

Why not give a party and invite him?

Here the good lady's planning came to a full stop.

"I will consult Winnie," she remarked to herself; and even as she was saying it the door opened and Winnie entered.

Winnie was plain; there was no denying it. Nothing had she by way of attraction beyond the pair of earnest gray eyes, and an abundance of soft brown hair.

Not being ornamental, it had been taken for granted that she must be useful, and therefore from her earliest years upwards she had been accustomed to exercise her fingers and thoughts for the benefit of those about her.

Very speedily Mrs. Maitland unfolded her projects. That is to say, she informed Winnie of her party-giving intentions, and casually mentioned that when papa called on Mr. Harcourt, if he approved of him, he might be invited to the proposed festivity.

Whether Winnie's shrewd commonsense enlightened her as to her mother's harmless little scheme it is impossible to say, but she entered with pleasant alacrity into all the arrangements for the unusual gaiety.

After comparison of dates and possible engagements, it was settled that the 10th of January would be the most convenient night for which to issue invitations.

Major Maitland, instructed by his wife, paid a visit to the Grange, and brought back a glowing account of its young master.

An invitation was according despatched and promptly accepted.

The day of the ball came. Lina's blonde tresses had been in paper till the eventful dressing hour, and Maud had been closeted with the dressmaker all the morning.

Winnie flitted hither and thither, 'ornamenting the rooms with flowers, constructing cunning little arrangements in the way of muslin drapery, setting out the supper-table, and keeping a general supervision over servants, children, and confectioners' men.

The rooms were already well-filled when the chief guest of the evening arrived.

He was greeted with a beaming smile by his hostess, and after the interchange of a few polite remarks, she led him to where Maud was holding mimic court.

"Mr. Harcourt—my eldest daughter, Maud—Mr. Harcourt."

Digby bowed low, and hoped that Miss Maitland's engagements would allow him the honor of a dance with her.

The next was a quadrille, and this Maud graciously accorded him.

They were at the last figure when Digby suddenly addressed his companion:

"I am most lamentably ignorant of the names even of my neighbors in Westford. Will you tell me who that young lady is, seated on the opposite side of the room?"

"Which one do you mean? There are several sitting there."

"The one in pink and white, talking to an old lady in black satin."

"Oh! that is my sister; my second sister, Winnie."

"Indeed. May I ask for an introduction presently?"

"Certainly.

"Winnie, Mr. Harcourt wishes to be introduced to you"

"Are you engaged for this waltz?" he said, after the ceremony, "Can I have the pleasure?"

"No—yes," she answered, laughing, and taking his arm.

At that moment a servant approached and whispered that she was wanted in the kitchen.

Will you excuse me, please?" she asked, withdrawing her hand.

"Really, it is too cruel to desert me so soon," he returned, in an aggrieved tone.

"I am very sorry; if—if you mind——"

"If I mind!" he rejoined, tragically. "You add insult to injury, Miss Winnifred."

Poor Winnie's cheeks burned most uncomfortably, as she flew downstairs to rectify some domestic misadventure.

When Mrs. Maitland's aching head was laid on her pillow, it was with the satisfactory reflection that Mr. Harcourt had been most attentive to Maud and Lina. Though which had particularly struck him it was hard to say, and he had appeared equally impressed with both.

Two days later, Mrs. Maitland and her two eldest daughters were at work in the drawing-room when Mr. Harcourt was announced.

Mrs. Maitland gave him a most cordial welcome, and the young ladies' smiles were sweet and ready. Yet Digby did not seem quite satisfied. He watched the door anxiously, and listened eagerly to every footfall that crossed the hall outside.

"Miss Winnifred is well, I hope?" he said, presently.

"Oh, yes! she is out in the town now."

Shortly afterwards he took his leave, resisting the many pressing inducements to stay and partake of afternoon tea.

He advanced as a plea for his refusal a business engagement with his steward. But the importance of this interview apparently diminished when he got out into the street, for he sauntered slowly along, carefully scanning every passer-by of the gentle sex.

At the sight of an approaching figure in a fur-trimmed paletot and brown felt hat, his pace quickened.

"I am fortunate," he said, lifting his hat. "I have just left your house."

"Have you," observed Winnie, her color deepening.

"I hope you were not very tired after your exertions the other night," he said, turning to keep at her side.

"I tired? Oh, no!" she answered in surprise, as though fatigue was a sensation unknown to her.

The red-brick house, with the old-fashioned bow window, was reached all too quickly, and with a close clasp of the hand Digby wished her good-bye.

"Please, Miss Winnie, you're wanted in the drawing-room."

It was the 10th of February, a chill, drizzling day, and Winnie was giving one of the children a music lesson on the battered old piano in the school-room.

As she entered the drawing-room a gentleman moved from the window and advanced towards her.

"Ah! Mr. Harcourt, how do you do? You—I—Jane told me I was wanted," faltered Winnie, in some confusion.

"And Jane spoke truly, you are wanted."

"Am I? Who wants me?"

"Have you not the least idea who wants you?"

Her astonishment increased. She retreated toward the door.

"Yes, mamma, I expect; I—I will go and see."

He caught her hands quickly to detain her.

"It is I who wants you. Winnie, my darling, it is I who want you. Oh, love! my love, don't send me away with my life hopeless, my love unsatisfied."

* * * * *

"Mamma, I have some news for you.

Mrs. Maitland was in her own private sitting-room when her husband came to her with this announcement. His countenance confirmed his words, and Mrs. Maitland's interest was immediately aroused.

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Young Harcourt is here; he has been speaking to me."

"Yes?"

"About what do you suppose?"

"About one of the girls, of course, though really I don't know which. He has not been long making up his mind, certainly; we have only known him a month."

"Which one do you imagine it is?"

"I have fancied that he inclined to Maud, and she is the eldest, so it is only right she should be married first."

"No; it is not Maud."

"Not! Well, Lina will make a charming little matron. Dear child, I must go to her at once."

"Stay a moment, Ellen. You are not right yet; it is neither Maud nor Lina"

"Neither Maud nor Lina! What—what—why, Robert, you don't, you can't mean that—that it is Winnie?"

"Yes, it is Winnie."

Mrs. Maitland sat speechless with amazement. Her two handsome daughters passed over, and plain, unattractive Winnie chosen. It was incredible, almost beyond the bounds of belief.

"I deferred giving him a positive consent till I had spoken to you, though I told him I thought you would approve. You do, do you not?"

"Yes; oh, yes!" answered his wife, with the calmness of a great surprise still upon her.

"Then I will go and relieve the poor fellow's suspense. He is waiting in the study."

Mrs. Maitland sat where her husband had left her, trying to recover her scattered wits and realize this new state of affairs.

The door was noiselessly opened, and a slender, gray-clad figure stole softly in. A penitent, beseeching face was laid on her shoulder.

"Mother, are you very much disappointed?"

The mother's heart was roused by the pitiful, sobbing question, and with two tears splashing on to the girl's brown braids, she clasped the kneeling form in her arms.

"My dear child, I am glad, I am very glad that Digby Harcourt has chosen you. He will make a good husband—true, upright, and faithful; and no man could desire, no man could have, a better wife than my little Winnie, though I do not know what we shall do without her, or how we shall be able to spare her. Kiss me, darling, and wipe your eyes, and then we will go down and ask him to dinner."

ARAB SALUTATIONS.—When the Arabs meet with each other, the first thing is the salute, which is repeated for several times, and is done in the following manner: Each strikes the palm of his right hand on that of his companion; or throws it on his left shoulder, repeating always the same phrase: "Salamat, caif halcom taibin" (peace, how are you, well?) This way of saluting is most beautiful and striking, and when performed gives a new figure and majesty to the naked Arabs who are the performers of it. These gesticulations are always accompanied with a very grave tone of voice, which invests them with so noble a character, that the traveller does not think his Arabs so rude as he thought them before, but would suppose them just arrived from the first school of etiquette. After the salutation, they inquire of each other the news about the places from whence they came. Their news relates generally to the buying of camels and dromedaries; whether there are loads to carry, or something of this kind. They then ask each other for tobacco or salt, and their conclusion is: "Salute me Hamed at Corosco; and you Ali at Barbar; do you understand? In peace, in peace." After this each resumes his way.

A woman should have no male friends but those who are the friends of her husband.

News of Interest

Horseback riding is now the favorite recreation.

Coffee has been successfully grown in California.

Princess Beatrice, of England, studies the harmonium.

Millions of our fellow creatures shave with stone razors.

The United States Supreme Court was established in 1789.

Ice cream from buttermilk is an Alabama achievement.

America takes the prize for paper at the Paris Exposition.

The introduction of the whipping post is mooted in Alabama.

Laplanders can travel a hundred miles a day with a pair of deer.

A means for making clothing fire proof has been made a success.

Railroads carry three million passengers safely where they kill one.

Miss Braddon acknowledges the authorship of thirty three novels.

The first locomotive in America was put in operation August 28, 1830.

In Turkey, as much as $2000 has been paid for an amber mouthpiece.

The ocean is divided into four basins; the deepest being fifteen miles.

In some fashionable savage circles the teeth must be filed to a sharp edge.

One person out of every thirty-nine and a half in this country is color blind.

Philadelphia claims to have established the first Sunday School in America.

There are 400 colleges in this country, with an aggregate of 3,700 professors.

Nearly every theatre in London and Paris has been burned down in its turn.

A draft for a sale of real estate before the time of Nebuchadnezzar, has been found.

Artificial ice factories are successfully running this summer in several Southern cities.

"Impromptu dances" wind up entertainments given by the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Schuyler Colfax, ex-vice president, has read the Bible through twenty-one times, so 'tis said.

The hat worn by Napoleon I. throughout his Russian campaign was recently sold for 175 francs.

The German army is to use the telephone. It is to be especially serviceable on the outposts.

The horses of the Paris Omnibus Company lodge in a third story. They go up on an inclined plane.

A story comes from Kentucky of a man being pulled under the water and drowned by a 25 pound catfish.

The monument over the grave of Thomas Jefferson will be after a design of which he himself was the author.

In China the husband of an Imperial princess has an extra horse on the outside of the shafts of his wagon.

Three hundred and fifty thousand persons were taken up for drunkenness in England and Scotland last year.

Johnny Steel ("Coal Oil Johnny") is clerking in a grocery store in Dennison, Pa. He is now but thirty years old.

The skeleton of an enormous animal has been dug up in Texas. It is 54 feet long from the root of the tail to the neck.

The grand prize of the Paris Exhibition has been awarded to Mr. Edison for the most wonderful inventions of the age.

The perfect imprint of a tree may be seen upon the breast of Thomas Briggs, of Wellsburg, W. Va., who was struck by lightning July 4.

At English "masque" balls, dominos are greatly dispensed with, or are removed after a very short time. When masks are used, dulness follows.

German and Austrian laws forbid the sale of dead fish. The fish are brought from the sea and rivers in tanks, and are killed after being sold.

In Paris, those children in the public schools who have distinguished themselves during the year, are taken to the seaside at the public expense.

There are over 25,000 flouring-mills in the United States, giving employment to 60,000 men. These mills annually turn out 50,000,000 barrels of flour.

A silk manufacturing firm in Lyons, France, presents on its silks a variety of photographed impressions comprising pictures by the old masters.

Within a fortnight after the occupation of Cyprus, six companies, with an aggregate capital of $20,725,000, had been registered in England to carry on operations in connection with the Island.

The ammonia of the commercial fertilizers manufactured in the suburbs of Augusta, Ga., has completely driven out the chills and fever and other malaria that used to infest the locality.

A lad of considerable local celebrity in Augusta, Ga., is a one-armed boy named Theodore Johnson, who, though he has but one arm, is an expert swimmer and has saved four persons from drowning.

The Bishop of Manchester says that some of the English clergy are so poor that they do not taste meat more than once or twice a week, and are glad to get the cast-off clothing of their parishioners.

Dr. S. S. Myer, of Virginia City, Nev., has re-discovered a lost Egyptian art. He tempers copper tools to a more lasting cutting edge than steel tools will hold, similar to that of the copper implements with which the stone for the pyramids was cut.

Queen Victoria is reported to have said not long since, when she had given an order to one of her domestics, "I am Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, but I have not power enough to make one of my servants put coals on the fire if she has been hired to look after the bedchambers."

A Biblical curiosity in the English section at the Paris Exhibition, which attracts crowds, is the model of the Tabernacle as it rested during the wanderings of the tribes in the desert; the exterior and interior are faithfully constructed according to the details which are given in the Old Testament.

Among the orders just issued to the Boston police, to regulate their duties in places of public amusement, is the following: "Police officers are not to interfere, even on the request of managers or their agents, with persons who in a reasonable and decorous manner express their dissent by hissing, or otherwise, at what is presented on the stage."

Cremona, an Italian painter of repute, has just died at Milan under extraordinary circumstances. He was a man of the most careless, not to say dirty, habits, and in order to save time he discarded the use of the palette, which he deemed unnecessary and troublesome. He was wont, therefore to spread his colors on the palm of his left hand and on his bare chest. The other day while standing at his easel he was seized with strong convulsions, and expired after forty-eight hours agony. The doctors attribute his death to the absorption into the system of poisons used in painting.

The Most Beautiful and Fashionable Women

use LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, knowing by experience how marvelously brilliant and smooth it renders the complexion, what a chaste perfume it exhales, and how refreshing and cooling it is to the skin. Its entire freedom from everything likely to prove injurious, is another strong recommendation in its favor. It completely removes all blemishes upon the face, neck, and arms, causes wrinkles to disappear, and gives the faded cuticle an appearance of juvenile freshness.

TWO HORRORS.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

When Death from some fair face
Is stealing life away,
All weep, save she, the grace
That earth shall lose to-day.

When Time from some fair face
Steals beauty year by year,
For her slow-fading grace
Who sheds, save she, a tear?

And Death not often dares
To wake the world's distress;
While Time, the cunning, mars
Surely all loveliness.

Yet though by breath and breath
Fades all our fairest prime,
Men shrink from cruel Death,
But honor crafty Time.

ERCELDEAN:

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I make no excuses for myself," she continued. "I was not persuaded or threatened. My father treated the whole matter half as a jest, half as a business agreement of a most satisfactory nature. With less care than we should have bestowed on the purchase of a new piano, and with less consideration than we should have given to a new picture, we settled between us that I should marry the young Englishman. I made but one stipulation, and that was after my marriage I should still be allowed to pursue my art-education. The grave young Englishman agreed, and then it was supposed that all difficulty was removed. I was most indifferent about the alliance. To be married was of less account to me than the purchasing of a new box of colors. I am never very grave, but I shudder now when I remember what I did then. The Englishman took a handsome house in Lima.

"Listen, Lady Ailsa—you who can feel so tenderly for your daughter. I was just seventeen, without the least notion of what I was undertaking, when I married. I was as ignorant of the sentimental as of the practical side of the matter; and I never seemed to realise my obligations until I found myself a wife, without knowing what the duties of a wife were. Again I cannot excuse myself; but the real truth is that I ought never to have married. I had no stability, no steadiness. I have never been constant to one set of opinions for many days. With a true, tender, constant love I have never loved but one object; and that is my son Beltran. So Lady Ailsa, I married; and the name of the Englishman I married was Peter Lennox."

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst, there could not have been a greater expression of surprise. Lady Ailsa repeated the name. Beatrix cried aloud—

"Are you 'the mystery' that has shadowed all his life?"

Then Beltran rose suddenly, and with a white startled face confronted his mother.

"Lennox!" he repeated, with an air of incredulity. "Oh, mother, is this a jest?"

"My dear Beltran," she replied calmly, "all things considered, I wish that it were a jest—perhaps not for your sake, but for my own I do most certainly. Unfortunately what I have said is true."

"My uncle Lennox your husband!" cried Beatrix. "Is it possible that the story can be anything but fiction?"

"It is no fiction," replied Mrs. Carew, "though for the present I must ask you to call me by the name I have assumed. But you have not heard all my story yet. We were married—I one of the most indifferent, most heedless, most careless of girls, he one of the grimmest, sternest of men. I must speak truthfully of him. He had a most passionate love for me. It could not have been greater—indeed it would have been much better had it been less. He loved me with a wonderful love, all the more that I was so profoundly indifferent. I cannot blame myself. He ought to have more sense than to marry me."

"I cannot believe such a recital," cried Beatrix—"it is too wonderful to be true."

Mrs. Carew shook her head.

"Truth is often stranger than fiction," she said; "and fiction is often tame and unexciting by the side of truth. You will not be surprised to hear that my husband and I did not agree for one hour. Before the sun had set on my wedding-day I felt sure that I had made myself miserable for life."

"But why," cried Beatrix—"why?"

Mrs. Carew sighed deeply.

"To tell you why, or to explain the reason," she said, "would be to analyse my own character. I can only say that fire and water would have agreed together far better than we did. We are the very opposite to each other, and not such opposites as would agree, but the reverse. When I laughed, he was always vexed; when he laughed, it was always at something that jarred upon me. When my versatile humor changed from grave to gay, from gay to grave, he was angry, vexed, and annoyed; he could not understand any woman smiling with tears in her eyes, or weeping even as she smiled. He could more easily have copied the hues of the rainbow, have set the song of a bird to music, have understood the marvellous rhythm of the waves, than have understood me. 'What do you see to laugh at?' he would demand when anything amused me. 'Why do you cry when there is no cause for tears?' he would ask when any touch of pathos went through my heart. We could not agree—we could not understand each other. He seemed to me a grim, stern guardian; I appeared to him a foolish, undisciplined child; and, after a time, the usual result was attained—the very intensity of his love changed it into dislike. Even then, if my father had lived, all might have been well; but he died; and then for the first time a sense of the responsibilities of life came over me. I began in a slight measure to understand my true position.

"Our violent quarrel took place about that time. Thinking of my loss, I had wept as one who could never be comforted. It seemed however to my childish mind a source of some comfort to reflect that my father should have one of the finest monuments in Lima. It should be of white marble, with an inscription on it, telling of his talent. I was so young and so foolish, Lady Ailsa, that the planning of this monument seemed in some way to ease my pain and to deaden my grief. I was child enough to fancy that when people read what was inscribed thereon they would say, 'How clever he must have been, and how his daughter must have loved him!' I think," she added musingly, "that, if my husband had yielded to my wishes then, he might have won my heart for ever—at least such is my impression now. But he refused to listen to my request; it was all nonsense, sentimental rubbish—a plain head-stone would do just as well as a marble monument. One hard word led to another; while my dear father still lay unburied we had the most violent quarrel of our lives. He insulted me, and I made up my mind to leave him.

"It all seems very childish to me now, and very foolish; but then it was a terrible struggle—a terrible tragedy. We did not speak at my father's funeral, but when it was over he came to comfort me. I was lying sick at heart on a couch, and he tried to kiss me. 'Do not cry so bitterly, Grace,' he said; 'I will try to be very kind to you.' I remember rising and motioning him away from me. 'Do not touch me—I hate you!' I cried."

"My dear Mrs. Carew," interrupted Lady Ailsa, "how very terrible!"

"Yes, it was terrible enough, Lady Ailsa. He looked at me with a white set face. 'Do you mean that, Grace?' he asked. 'Yes, I mean it. I am sorry that I ever saw you—I am sorry that I married you. I wish that I could be freed from you, and never see you again—I wish that I lay dead by my father's side!' He stood quite still while the torrent of my wrath rolled over him. When he turned to me again his face was as the face of the dead. Had he acted wisely, he would have borne with me until my humor had changed; as it was, he invested childish passion with the dignity of a woman's anger. He repeated, 'Do you mean that, Grace?' 'I mean ten thousand times more,' I replied; and he bowed and left me."

"My dear Mrs. Carew, it was all most terribly wrong," said Lady Ailsa.

The artist laughed.

"I told you not to judge me by the ordinary standard of right and wrong," she replied; "if you do, you must despise me—and there is little need for that. Is there, Beltran?" she added, looking wistfully at her son.

"There is no need whatever, mother," he replied, bending down to kiss her face. "You are worthy of all honor and respect."

But Beatrix looked up impatiently.

"I am so anxious to hear the remainder of your story, Mrs. Carew," she put in—"this story which seems too strange and too good to be true."

"You are so good," said Mrs. Carew, turning to Lady Ailsa, "you cannot understand such hatred. I tell you that, after he had refused to gratify my heart's desire, I began to hate my husband. The sound of his voice filled me with unutterable dismay; I could not bear to remain in any room with him; repulsion and disgust came over me when we chanced to meet. I hated him. Before this I had simply been indifferent to him, paining him when I could, and expressing as little feeling of any kind as was possible; but afterwards it is no exaggeration to say that I hated him—and he perceived it. I do not think two persons could live on more miserable terms than we did. We rarely spoke; when we did, it was to quarrel most violently—and I never failed to tell him how intensely I hated him. 'I believe you hate me, poor child,' he said to me once; 'and it is a hard belief too. I married you because I loved you dearly.' I cried out that I never wanted his love. 'I believe that too,' he said; 'but why did you let me marry you if you knew how little you cared for me?' 'Because I was a child, and a foolish one,' I cried; 'and I am so miserable now that I wish a thousand times over that I were dead.' He looked so strangely at me that I was frightened; there was a terrible expression on his face; his eyes seemed to flame. I saw the fingers of his hand clench.

"'Are you going to kill me, Peter?' I asked. 'I do not know,' he replied. 'At times I think that the wisest thing I can do is to kill you first and myself afterwards—anything would be better than this terrible pain which you make me suffer.' And from that moment I felt sure that he would murder me. I resolved upon running away. All the stories that I had ever read of jealous, angry husbands slaying their wives, all the horrible tragedies ever perpetrated, came back to me, and I felt quite sure that some such story would one day be told about me. I am not a coward, but this idea took a mor bidhold of me, I used to wake at night in a cold perspiration, my hands trembling, my heart almost paralysed with fear, fancying that the moment had come when I must lose my life. I could not bear the suspense; and one day when my husband had left home on business for some hours, I packed a small bag, collected the little sums of money he had given me, and went away, hoping never in this world to see his face again. It was a strange coincidence, but on that day a favorite and confidential clerk of my husband's ran away; and from the advertisements that I saw I had a strong conviction that my husband thought that we had gone away together."

"My dear Mrs. Carew," interrupted Lady Ailsa again, "what a dreadful thing to say!"

"It was far more dreadful of him to suspect such a thing. What right had he to suspect me? I had been kind to the young man when, by Peter's invitation, he dined with us, but I did not take any further interest in him. To consent to remain silent under such imputation was terrible, but it seemed to me better than losing my life. From that day that I left the house of Peter Lennox, a frightened terrified child, in fear and trembling, I have never held any communication with him. I was even coward enough to be pleased that he should have a completely bad opinion of me. I left Lima, and with the few pounds that I had came over to England. Then something occurred that altered my whole life. Five months after I had left my husband's house my dear son Beltran was born."

Lady Ailsa uttered a cry of surprise; and for the first time during the telling of her story Mrs. Carew's voice trembled and faltered.

"I did wrong then," she said—"you will find it hard to forgive me. Mind, when I left Peter Lennox, I was but a foolish ignorant child. Still I did wrong to conceal from my husband the fact that he had a son. I ought to have written to him at once and told him, even had I hidden the child from his sight for ever. I loved my little Beltran so dearly; he was a fine, handsome child, and in my passionate love for him I swore that he should be my own for ever, and that no one should ever share in his love. Before that time I had called myself Mrs. Lennox; now I resolved upon calling myself by my maiden name of Carew. I took all precautions, though, about my son—the registration of his birth, the certificate, all go to prove the truth of what I say. Though I swore that Peter Lennox should never know even of his birth, still I arranged everything so that at any moment I could prove my boy's claims."

"It is a wonderful story," said Beatrix in a low voice.

"No less strange than true," was the rejoinder. Then Mrs. Carew continued—"I began to work hard when I had my little son to care for. I was quite resolved that he should have the education, the training, and the position of a gentleman. You know how I have succeeded. In a few years my position was made. I could educate and train my son as I would. And here it would well become me to praise him because in a short time he has won for himself the distinguished position that he holds."

"Do not speak of me, mother; let us hear the rest of your story," said Beltran, his face flushing.

"I have but little more to add," she continued. "When, after being in society for many years, I heard at last of Peter Lennox of Erceldean, the great millionnaire, it did not occur to me that it was my husband of twenty-four years before. I thought the name was a strange coincidence—that was all. The reality did not occur to me until I saw Beatrix, and then I recognised the Lennox face. I began to make inquiries, and, when I heard the details, I knew the truth—I knew that my husband, the man whom I had loathed, hated, deserted, was the great millionnaire—the man at whose wealth all England marveled. Then for the first time I knew that I had done wrong to my son to keep from him the fact that he was Peter Lennox's heir. Dear Beatrix, I felt rather impatient when I heard you called heiress of Erceldean—after all, Erceldean belongs to Beltran and not to you. I never once thought of making myself known, not even for my son's sake, though at times it was a sore temptation. I heard everywhere of the wealth, the luxury, the magnificence of the millionnaire, but I always added, 'Thank Heaven, he will never find me out! My boy can do without his help.' Yet it all seemed so strange—you must own that it was very strange—that you have never met with a parallel case. I should never have told the truth or owned my story but for Beltran and his love. Beltran used to tell me that when he met Mr. Lennox the rich man was very kind to him—that he took an interest in him—and my boy's heart was touched by his kindness. Once I trembled with fear, for it seemed to me that my secret must be discovered. One evening Beltran came home and told me that Mr. Lennox was always troubled by a shadowy likeness that he saw in his face and a familiar sound that he detected in his voice. I grew fearful then. I could easily have solved the mystery for him, Lady Ailsa. For I have strong reason to believe that my son resembles your deceased husband, 'Prince Charlie,' and not his own father."

Lady Ailsa looked up quickly.

"You are quite right," she said. "I was struck by the same thing in your son—a shadowy resemblance. Now I see it."

"Then I was startled," continued Mrs. Carew, "on finding that my boy had fallen in love with the millionnaire's niece. At first I was vexed, and I tried hard to persuade him to forget her; I knew that if ever a marriage took place I must tell the truth. But my boy was so wretched that my conscience reproached me, and I have yielded at last. I did test their love. I wanted to see whether Beatrix would be constant to Beltran through all fortunes, or whether she would prefer the wealth of Peter Lennox to the love of my son. She has come nobly out of the ordeal, and now nothing remains for me but to send for my husband and tell him the truth. Imagine—it is twenty-four years since I have seen him! What will he say to me?"

"He will be very much pleased," said Beatrix. "I always knew there was a secret in my uncle's life, although I did not know what was. He told me once that he had loved a woman who had deceived him, but he would tell me no more—and it is my firm opinion that he loves you, aunt, just as much as ever, and that he will be delighted indeed to find you."

"You owe him great reparation," remarked gentle Lady Ailsa. "His life has been barren and without joy, while he might have been happy in the fair youth and bright promise of his son. You owe him long years of happiness of which you have deprived him."

"He owes me something also, Lady Ailsa. He should have been more gentle, less stern, more yielding to a child."

"And what do you propose doing, mother?" asked Beltran.

"If Lady Ailsa and Beatrix are willing, I thought of returning to London, taking them with me, and then sending for my husband and telling him the truth. The future of course lies entirely with him. Do you see any reasonable objection to my plan, Lady Ailsa?"

"Only that even now I can hardly believe all that you have told me. It seems more like a dream than reality. My Beatrix gave up Erceldean for love of your son, and now that same son proves to be the lawful heir. It is almost too wonderful to be true."

Beatrix rose and clasped her arms round Mrs. Carew's neck.

"You bear it very bravely," she said; "but I know that you have suffered, aunt. Only imagine—I have an aunt after all! Aunt Grace, kiss me, and tell me that you love me for your son's sake."

"For his and for your own," she replied, warmly. "My dear Beatrix, all the time that I was painting your portrait I was longing to tell you that the uncle you spoke so much about was my husband, and that Beltran was your cousin."

Beatrix laughed a low happy laugh of perfect content.

"You see, after all, mamma," she said, "I was a most wise and prudent girl."

But Lady Ailsa shook her head and smiled gravely.

"It is the strangest coincidence I have ever met with, Beatrix; and you must own that you were very near losing Erceldean."

"There are better things in life, mamma, than Erceldean. Aunt Grace I may speak of as one."

"And cousin Beltran as 'another,'" laughed Mrs. Carew; and then they began to prepare for leaving gloomy Strathnarn.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Perhaps there was not a more miserable man in England than Peter Lennox, the great millionnaire.

He had told the detective the story of his marriage, and the utmost that they could discover for him in Lima was that his wife had gone away quite alone—that there had been no such thing as an elopement with the suspected clerk, and that she was quite free from that imputation. Then came intelligence that startled him. His wife had been traced to London, and there she had had a son; but from the time that the boy had reached his fifth year all clue to her was lost again. Even to the police it never occured that Mrs. Carew, the fashionable artist, before whose door a line of carriages often stood, was Mrs. Lennox; they imagined that the wife of the rich man was living in dreary exile and poverty. They had sought her only amongst the poor—they did not think of looking for her amongst the better classes. So they had told him that from the time that she had left No. 3, Chesham Street, where her son was born, no further trace of him or her could be found. Whether she was dead, whether in the great struggle for existence she had fallen, whether she had returned to America, they knew not—they could obtain no proof, and with that intelligence he had been compelled to be content.

His emotion had been great at the thought of a son having been born to him—a son who, if he could find him, would be heir to his estates, his vast wealth, and his name, who might add honor to honor and be the very salvation of his race. He wondered if it was possible to find him. He made almost superhuman exertion; but it was all in vain—he could glean no intelligence of his wife or son—the son whom even only to see he would have laid down his life.

Disheartened, and almost despairing, he sat one morning alone in his great London drawing-room—he had returned to town so as to be nearer the detectives—he could rest no longer at Erceldean. Presently a note was brought in to him from Mrs. Carew, saying that she wished to see him upon important business, if he would be kind enough to call upon her as soon as he could make it convenient.

"No, that I will not," he said to himself. "She wants to ask me to consent to the union of her son with Beatrix—which is impossible."

He wrote a hasty reply, saying that he had important engagements which he could not break, and should have no time to call. It was strange, but the similarity of name did not strike him. He had met with so many Carews since that fatal morning on which he had married Grace that the name had quite ceased to affect him. The mother of the young barrister was a fashionable artist, a fine lady living amongst fine ladies; it never entered his mind to associate her with past unhappy days in South America. Moreover, he had never met her, and had not the faintest interest in her. That she should send for him now was explicable only on the ground of her great desire to bring about the marriage against which he had so steadfastly set his face. He certainly would not see her, as his curt little note intimated. He had forgotten it when the messenger returned with another note, far more peremptory than the other, saying that it was certainly not the pleasure of seeing Mr. Lennox that the writer desired; she had important news to tell him, and she trusted that he would come at once.

"The important news will be that some one has died and left the barrister a few thousand pounds, which she thinks will make all the difference to me. It will be as well to undeceive her at one."

He drove direct to the little house in Mayfair, and asked for Mrs. Carew.

"My mistress is expecting you, sir," said the servant, when he had told her his name. "She is in her painting-room."

He followed the servant, wondering at the beauty of the apartments, at the wealth of ornaments, pictures, and statues. Then he reached the painting-room, and the servant, after opening the door for him, retired.

At first his eyes were disturbed by the dim uncertain light. He saw a tall womanly figure standing waiting for him—he could see folds of rich velvet that swept the ground; but in his confusion he did not plainly discern the face that was turned towards him.

The lady bowed; he returned the bow; then Mrs. Carew placed a chair for him, and Peter Lennox sat down. Presently Mrs. Carew spoke. At the first sound of her voice, something in it struck him as familiar. He told himself that it was her son's voice of which he was reminded—the young barrister whom he had liked before he had declared himself the lover of Beatrix.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," said Mrs. Carew—"the more so as you are so busily engaged; but I wanted to ask you if is there no way by which we can come to terms?"

"To terms over what, madam?" he inquired.

"Over the marriage of your niece to my son," she answered.

"No, madam. It is a subject I will not discuss; to such a marriage I can never consent. It is altogether under my niece's position in society—beneath her in every way."

He wondered at the little laugh of derision that greeted his emphatic speech.

"My son is a gentleman," Mrs. Carew said. "He is handsome and gifted. He is sure to rise to great eminence in his profession."

"I grant all that, madam. I have a real admiration for him in every way, except as the lover of my niece."

"Then you refuse to listen to anything that I can suggest?" she said proudly—and the ring of passionate scorn in her voice struck him again as being somewhat familiar.

"You can suggest nothing practical," he replied. "Such a marriage would be most advantageous to you and your son; but it can never take place—of that you may rest assured."

Hitherto she had been standing where her face was in the shade and half hidden from him. She went now to the window and touched the blinds; they sprang apart and admitted a flood of sunshine. She turned then to confront him, her black velvet dress trailing on the ground, her hands raised in denunciation, her keen brilliant passionate face flushing, her lips curling half scornfully.

"Peter Lennox," she said slowly, "look at me; do you know who I am?"

He looked at her quite indifferently.

"Yes," he replied, "you are the scheming mother of a scheming son."

"Look again," she said—"not at the ceiling over my head, not at the wall behind me, but at my face; look, Peter Lennox, and tell me who I am."

He looked indifferently at first, standing just opposite to the graceful brilliant woman whose face had such strange repressed passion in it. Then gradually, slowly, surely the indifference died away. Something of wonder, of incredulity, of surprise, of fear came in its place; his lips grew white and trembled, the dawn of new and great emotion came into his eyes, the calmness of his face departed—he tried to speak, but the sound died away on his lips.

"Who am I?" she repeated.

He raised his trembling hand as though to ward of a blow; all power of speech had gone from him.

"I will tell you," she said. "I am Grace Carew—Grace Lennox, your wife; and you have disinherited your niece because she loves your son! I am your wife, Grace Lennox, who left you because you were hard, stern, cold of heart, cruelly unkind, because you did not know what human love meant, because you trampled my girlish heart under your feet, because you could not and would not understand what a sensitive warm-hearted loving nature required, because you wanted to reduce me into a mere machine for regulating your house and saving your money! What was it to you," she continued, in a passion of scorn, "that I had a quick-changing sensitive soul, that I had a warm tender nature, that I was blithe of heart and gay by nature? Less than nothing!"

He held up his hands in deprecation.

"You did not understand me," he said; "I loved you all the time."

A slight scornful laugh was her answer, and then her face flushed.

"You loved me, yet you suspected that I had run away with a clerk in your office? I was but a child when I ran away, but—understand me clearly, Peter Lennox—I ran away because I did not love you, and because you made my life miserable. Understand that since I left you my life has been filled with hard work; but it has been spotless, and you may trace every moment of it. There is another thing, Peter Lennox. My son Beltran is your son, the lawful heir to Erceldean. He was born five months after I left you. I have every necessary proof to place in your hands. Mind what I say. I did wrong in keeping him from you; I should have given you your son. But I loved him too well; I could not part with him. He is like your brother, it appears, the Lennox who was called 'Prince Charlie,' and not like you."

He made no answer, but a strange gray pallor came over his face which touched her as words could not have done.

"I am sorry for the past," she said quietly; "I have been sorry ever since I fled from my home. I was very young and thoughtless."

But Peter Lennox made no answer. The tall stern figure swayed to and fro, and then he fell with a low cry at his wife's feet. She bent over him.

"I am truly sorry, Peter," she said; but he was all unconscious, and, seeing the gray tint deepen on his face, she began to fear that he was dead.

CHAPTER XLVII. AND LAST.

A few hours later Peter Lennox opened his eyes and found himself lying in a charming room. At first he was puzzled to know where he was, and what had happened to him; there was a dull singing in his ears, a strange confusion in his brain; a queer uncertainty troubled him as to his whereabouts, a heavy kind of wonder and pain.

He looked about him; it was an artistic room. In all his superb mansion there was nothing like it. Then his eyes fell upon a woman kneeling by his side. Gradually all returned to him, and he knew that he was looking in the face of his wife Grace; he knew also that he had had a narrow escape from death.

"Grace," he said feebly—and his voice seemed to come from a distance—it had a faint feeble kind of sound—"tell me all about it again. I cannot imagine that it is really true."

She repeated the story to him, and he listened with new wonder.

"So I have a son," he said—"the handsome noble boy whom Beatrix loves? He is my son—my own son? Oh, Grace, how shall I learn to believe it? Can it be true—my own son?"

He repeated the words over and over again to himself—his own son, and how should he believe it? Then after a time he turned to her.

"Grace," he said, "I should like to see my son."

"So you shall," she replied. "I have a surprise in store for you, if you are better this evening."

"Will you—will you kiss me, Grace?" he asked in a low trembling voice, as though he were half afraid of making the request. She bent over him.

"Yes, I will, Peter," she replied earnestly—"I will indeed. I am sorry that things went so wrong between us. I will say now what I have never said before—that I wish with all my heart that matters had been different—that I had been older and better, you wiser and kinder."

She kissed him, and a great calm light came over his face—the stern, grim face that had known so little brightness. A contented smile played round the lips that had smiled so little; and presently Peter Lennox fell into such a sleep as he had not known for years.

It was nearly evening when he awoke again, refreshed, invigorated, and almost well. His valet stood ready to attend to him, having been summoned by order of his wife. He went down stairs. His wife met him in the hall.

"You are better, Peter," she said. "The best tonic, after all, is happiness. I have a pleasant surprise for you. Come with me." She took him by the hand, as one leads an unwilling child. He seemed half frightened. "I have something to show you, Peter," she continued—"and it seems to me that Heaven has been very good to you after all."

She opened the door of the drawing-room as she spoke, and led him in. There he saw Beatrix, Lady Ailsa, and Beltran. A mist swam before his eyes. He trembled as a leaf in a strong wind. Then Beatrix went up to him and clasped her arms round his neck; but it was on Beltran's breast that the gray head rested at last. It was to Beltran that the feeble arms clung, while the old man cried—

"My son—my son! I thank Heaven that I have lived to see my son!"

* * * * *

The occurrence was, as Lady Ailsa remarked afterwards to the Bishop, "most providential." It seemed marvellous to think that Beatrix should from the first have loved Beltran.

The wedding at Erceldean was talked about long after it had taken place. Such a scene had not been witnessed for many a year in bonnie Scotland. From miles round people flocked to see "Prince Charlie's" daughter married, and "the king take his own again."

After the wedding, life at Erceldean was all happiness. The gifted, brilliant artist returned to her husband; and it was by her wish that the whole story was kept quiet. They went abroad for some months, and when they returned people remarked to each other what a strange thing it was that Peter Lennox the millionnaire had married Mrs. Carew. Peter Lennox did not ask his gifted wife to abandon her profession; she indulged in painting when she liked, and revelled in the picturesque beauties of her Northern home when she was not inclined to use her brushes.

Peter Lennox lavished wealth on the son of whom he was so proud; he purchased for him one of the finest mansions in London—for Beltran would not abandon his professional career. Whenever his father mentioned such a thing to him, he would say, "We have had great warriors and great statesmen amongst our ancestors; believe me that a great lawyer will add to the honor of the Lennoxes. I am to strive for the woolsack, you know."

In after years he won it, while Beatrix Lennox remained a queen of society, loved, admired, and revered. One event gave her great pleasure. Three years after her own marriage Lady Rayner married the Duke of Heathland. Lord Rayner killed himself by drinking and dissipation, and Lady Rayner, after her year of mourning had expired, married the handsome Duke who had loved her friend so dearly. Beatrix was delighted, and the Duchess of Heathland always remained her most devoted friend.

There was no happier woman in England than beautiful Beatrix Lennox. She was rich, honored, esteemed, beloved—she had one of the kindest of husbands, children who were most devoted; but she never forgot what had been the cost of her love.

[THE END.]

THE REVIEWER

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, send us two more of their Handy Volume series, Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds, one of Julian Hawthorne's best efforts, and a couple of interesting and unique tales, by Rudolph Lindau, entitled, "Liquidated," and the "Seer." They are nicely bound in paper, can be carried in the pocket, and are, moreover, very cheap, costing the average 25 cents per volume. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also send us No. XII of Collection of Foreign Authors series, called, "In Paradise." The name is taken from a society of Munich artists, who, with a few congenial friends admitted to their fellowship, have established this club as a Paradise of true art. From the German of Paul Heyse, in two volumes. It is a finely and powerfully written work, and is full of dramatic and passionate interest. Paper, 50 cents per volume; cloth, $1. For sale also by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

MAGAZINES.

The Westminster Review for July has been republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., of New York, and sent us by their agent, Mr. W. B. Zieber, of this city. It contains an article valuable to lawyers as well as the laity on the "House of Lords." The paper on "Mythology and Religious Worship of the Ancient Japanese," is especially interesting. The third article of the number "The Saracens in Italy," briefly tells of Italy's escape from the threatened ruin of permanent Musselman dominions. Then follows an article on "The Late Yakoob Beg of Kooshgar." The fifth article, "George Eliot as a Novelist," is an iconoclastical paper which hurls from its pedestal the feminine writer with a masculine appelative, and apologises over the downfall of the idol. It is a magnificent tribute, however, to the genius of the learned and shrewd Englishwoman whose first works are masterpieces. There are two articles following this which are of interest, "The Peasants of an Indian Empire," and "Russia Abroad and at Home." The critiques in contemporary literature are fine. The number closes with a review of India.

Blackwood's Edinburg Magazine for August comes to us from the same source, through the kindness of Mr. W. B. Zieber. It contains a powerfully written character sketch of Prince Bismarck. Part V of John Caldigate, an essay, full of interest, on Charlotte Cushman. Part II of Gordon Baldwin. A poem marked by a touch of originality, in the form of a dialogue, called "Half Way to Arcady;" a paper on "Summer in the Hills." A good article, "Englishmen and Frenchmen." A poem, "Sheathing the Sword," and a dissertation on the late "Treaties of Peace."

The London Quarterly Review for July republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., received also through Mr. W. B. Zieber, contains an article on Martin Joseph Routh, the Englishwoman at School, The Duke of Wellington and the Aristocracy, A Dissertation on Lambeth Palace, Madame DuDeffand, the Block in the House of Commons, Catherine of Russia, The Crown and the Army, and the People of Turkey.

KEEPING CUT FLOWERS FRESH.—With regard to the length of time during which cut blooms will remain fresh, much depends on the manner and at what time they are collected. Flowers should never be cut in the heat of the day, but of all things avoid doing so in the sunshine, as they droop almost at once, and even if they regain their freshness when placed in water, it lasts but a short time. Flowers should be cut with a sharp knife, not with a pair of scissors, and the stems should be severed in a slanting direction; the advantage of this is that when the little vessels of the stem are cleanly cut they draw up moisture freely and keep the flowers fresh, but if bruised absorption is stopped, or at least impeded. The water in which flowers are arranged should be changed each alternate day, if not daily, and the stems cut afresh.

THE IVY.—The English ivy growing over the walls of a building, instead of promoting dampness, as many persons would suppose, is said to be a remedy for it, and it is mentioned as a fact that in a room where damp had prevailed for a long time, the affected parts became dry when ivy had grown up to cover the opposite exterior side. The close, overhanging, pendent leaves prevent rain or other moisture from penetrating to the wall. In this case beauty and utility go hand in hand.

Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero who, seeing the lions on either side, goes straight on, because in that direction his duty lies.

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things, but cannot receive great ones.

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FEMININITIES. FARM AND GARDEN.
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NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

SYLVIA, or, the Fernley Pride, is a romance of much power.

SEE the number of good stories in this number, including serials and short stories. No hebdomidal of its size is so rich in matter.

WE call the attention of our lady readers to the admirable criticism of the prevailing modes for the coming season, and the really valuable household recipes contained in LADIES' DEPARTMENT, on the eighth page.

A NATIONAL response should be made to the clamors of those unfortunate brethren in the South, who are in the very crisis of a great distress. It behooves us all to assist them in every way in our power.

ALL those whose artistic tastes are developed sufficiently to appreciate the beauty of the harmony of color, are delighted with our Companion Oleographs. For reproduction of fine paintings by a unique process, they are unsurpassed.

THE season is approaching when good reading ought to be in demand and when clubs ought to be formed in every city, town, borough, and village to secure good literature. There is nothing so cheap and so valuable for this purpose as a lively weekly paper like the venerable and time-sustained POST.

WE must judge of books as we judge of men, and the fairest way to appreciate one's fellow creatures is not to pay exclusive attention to any one mental trait or moral trait, and in that way produce a psychological caricature; but to endeavor to form a true, adequate, and complete conception of the man's whole thinking and feeling nature.

TO CIVILIZE large portions of mankind, to lead the mind of man to its noble destination—a knowledge of the truth, to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the lowest classes of the people, to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions, to make reason the arbitrator and supreme guide of public opinion, these are the objects which can be promoted by men of science, and confer a true lustre upon all who seek them.

THE vast majority of travellers and tourists merely powder themselves with dust from foreign highways, and blur their memories with a whirl through the galleries of Europe. They go out empty, to come home unprofitably full. They go abroad to escape themselves, and fail, as Goethe says they always must, in the attempt to jump away from their own shadows. And yet even the dullest man, if he went honestly about it, might bring home something worth having from the dullest place.

THE subject of promoting moral and social science in public schools, is taking a legislative shape. Among other things in the bills before Congress for that purpose, it is provided that school officers shall introduce and sustain industrial expositions of the pupils' handiwork, of all kinds of useful articles made or invented by the pupils in connection with each public school, and shall be taught and encouraged to explain the purpose of the devices and inventions. We believe such studies and exercises would be eminently proper, and we should be glad to see them instituted.

THE bugbear of a young actor is stage-business. This means the mechanical action requisite to preserve the sequence of the play, and includes, among other things, making entrances effective, relative position, or assuming a place so chosen as to develop the main interests of the scene by bringing characters into a degree of prominence corresponding with the dramatic importance of each—and above all it consists in such preparation for exit as shall prevent the feeble anti-climax of a dreary and meaningless walk across the stage when the last word of interest has been spoken. The moment a character has ceased to be indispensable to the action of the scene, he must disappear.

PARENTAL DUTY.

"All honor," says a cotemporary, "to those mothers who, meeting extreme and unexpected poverty, turn themselves into drudges that their children may be decently clothed and wholesomely fed. But dishonor to those women who stunt their own intellectual powers, which should educate and accompany the immortal souls of their sons and daughters through this world, and perhaps another—and this, in order that their bodies may be fed luxuriously, or dressed with lace and ruffles to vie with the children of richer neighbors." There can be no tolerance for the indolence which elects a mechanical routine instead of those harder mental efforts through which a mother's highest duties may be comprehended and performed. And what can be said for the despicable vanity which would barter opportunities of forming and directing a human character for the sake of trimming and fancy buttons? We cannot possess the confidence and friendship of our children without taking pains to deserve them.

Above all things it is to be remembered that whatever moral power a man would have his children possess, that must he especially demand and exercise himself. The law of the household must afford the luxury of a conscience. Well for those who realize that education is no merely lineal advancement, but a spreading and flowering in many directions. Well for those who cultivate all the capabilities of love and trust in their children. "When I think," says Jean Paul, "that I never saw in my father a trace of selfishness, I thank God!" There comes the time when young men go forth to battle in the world and the father prays bitterly for the power to endow them with the result of his own experience. But only to him who has bore himself truthfully and honorably before his family can that good gift be given.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE interweaving of English and French philosophy runs through a long course of years and events. France sought in England what it wanted, what of its own strength it could never attain; first, philosophical culture; second, political principles. England received from France the influence of some of the greatest minds of modern philosophy, but each drew from the other much of the doctrine which characterizes the nations for over a century.

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A COMPARISON drawn between the audiences of to day and those of even forty or fifty years ago, will show remarkable changes. But if we carry back our comparisons a century or two, the change of manners is almost incredible. The audiences who now frequent the most plebeian of theatres, are comparatively better behaved than were the fine ladies and gentlemen who patronized Garrick; and these again appear refined when placed side by side with those who saw Burbage, or even Betterton act.

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THE purest spirits of all time concur in ascribing their best successes to a higher power. The genial flow of successful production registers itself in our consciousness as a special grace beyond the command of the private will. The experience of every true artist, of every great poet, prophet, discoverer, of every providential leader of his time attests the action of an alien force transcending the calculated efforts of the mind and working the surprises of art and life, and this power is genius.

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THE phrases of criticism are as marked in their way as the changes in literature, and are quite as well deserving of study. With different epochs in the prose, and especially in the poetical productions of an age, new schools of critical thought arise, or at least new methods of critical expression. The ruling spirit of the hour influences the appointed Judges often in as direct a ratio as it receives influence, and as a result it is not always easy, in certain cases, to define whether criticism has made a change in literature, or literature given a new course to criticism.

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NOT every one who uses pigments can say: "I am a painter." To him who would make visible the ideal, there are presented the marble, the pencil and the colors, and should he employ either of these, just in proportion to his obedience to the laws of each will he be a sculptor, a designer or a painter; and the revelations in stone, in light and shade, or on canvass, shall be his witnesses for evermore—witnesses of him not only as an artist, in view of his relation to the ideal world, but as possessing a right to the especial title conferred by the means which he has chosen to be his interpreter.

—

ASSUMING that the moon was once an intensely heated globe, one may recognize three special stages of its cooling, which correspond to stages through which our earth has already passed. First there was a stage in which a lunar crust and a lunar nucleus were formed. Secondly, came the stage in which the exterior shell, cooling more rapidly than the nuclear contracted upon the nucleus, a process leading to the formation of rifts and clefts in the crust precisely as though the nucleus had expanded within the enclosing shell. Thirdly, when the crust had thus parted with the greater portion of its heat, there came the stages when the nuclear matter, now far hotter than the crust, cooled more quickly (having more heat to part with), and thus shrank away from the crust.

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MANY Arabic words have crept not only into the Spanish language, but also into that of portions of Sicily. Italy and Spain were both overrun by the Saracens, and their presence has been marked not only in the architecture, but in the dialects of these countries. The name Saracens, by which, however, they never called themselves, but were known by other nations, is apparently derived for Sarkin, or Sarrakin, strangers. Marg, in Arabic, a meadow, in Sicilian means a marsh. Cake has a striking similarity of sound in Ko'k, a sweet dish eaten in Africa as far back as the tenth century. Rokuk, Arabic for paper or parchment, applied figuratively to scroll-shaped ornaments, became rococo. Cotton comes from kattan, a weaver; azure, admiral, alembic, almanac, algebra, alcohol, camphor, cipher, magazine, tariff, zero and zenith are all derived from the Arabic.

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THE art of singing is now in a state of decline, if not altogether decayed. To believe this it is only necessary to compare the achievements of the great artists of a century ago with the possibilities of our petted favorites of to-day. An investigation of the larynx in the act of singing, was undertaken by Manuel Garcia, the most celebrated master then living, who studied the interior of the throat by the aid of the laryngoscope. He was able to assert by seeing what a trained and critical ear might infer from hearing—that the vocal organ is not a fixed tube which acts in the same manner throughout its whole compass, but that at several points in the scale its adjustment suddenly shifts, and the next series of tones is produced in a different manner, and possesses a different quality from any of those preceding. Evidently, then, every tone has its own adjustment, or register, as it is called in singing, in which it can best and easiest be sung, and in which only it ought to be exercised and developed; and though the adjustment belonging to a lower set of tones may, by overstraining, be applied to a higher, yet this violation of the intention of Nature, is productive only of evil. The tones so forced are of hard and impure quality, flexibility is impaired, sweetness, compass, and expression are lost, and the voice in itself is at length spoiled, or broken up.

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MR. ALMA TADEMA, the Belgian artist, residing in London, has sent to the Berlin Exhibition a fine work of much interest, illustrating the story of Galeswintha and Fredegonda, and styled the Tragedy of an Honest Wife. It illustrates the Frankish custom of a newly-wedded husband bestowing a morning gift on his bride. The degraded Fredegonda sits, as before, in a chamber, the window of which opens on the place where Chilperic, his priests, and nobles receive Galeswintha, who is clad in a blue robe, crowned with roses. With a touch of humor not out of keeping with the tragic subject, Chilperic has been made to look like the rascal he was, a common fellow, with an impudent face and a strutting attitude. Galeswintha is as graceful as a royal bride, tall and slender in the large garment that covers nearly all her form, except her face. She advances under the huge boughs of a sacred oak. Priests look on, holding emblems of worship and dignity; Chilperic, raising his hand above his bride's head, breaks the willow bough which symbolizes the gift. The gift itself was four great Frankish trowns. All this is seen through the arched opening of the forlorn queen's chamber, and appears in full day, whereas the interior is illuminated by reflection, and by the light which enters at the opening. This light reveals, in profile to us, Fredegonda seated, or rather leaning back on her couch, with crossed feet hooked, so to say, to the couch front, while half her thus sustained form extends aslant, supported by its lithe, yet majestic, strength, and it is as if, having heard the cries of Galeswintha's welcome, she had drawn the curtain from part of the opening, thrown herself backward as she did so, keeping the drapery in her right hand ready to be dropped when she was seen from without. Fredegonda was at her toilette when the cries arose; splendid embroidery lies on a table at the window sill. In her left hand is the mirror with which she has tested the beauties of her face, the glorious long hair falling on her shoulders and back, and entwined with royal yellow ribbon, heaped in ample tresses and sumptuous knots, which are, as yet, but half completed. As she turns her head to look outwards, the left hand and mirror has fallen into her lap, all her attention being given to the right hand and the curtain it holds. A thin white robe hangs over one shoulder of the queen, leaving bare half her bust, the other shoulder and all her flank; but the robe covering her body, thighs and legs, is clutched betwen the feet that are half lifted from the ground, and rolls at her heels against the couch-side. The heart of the picture is in the face, which is wonderfully expressive

There was told lately an incident strikingly illustrating the proverb that "A fool and his money are soon parted." A countryman lost his watch and consulted a fortune teller about it. She undertook, for a fee, to show him in a glass the man who possessed the watch. On the silly noodle giving her the money, she brought a sort of birdcage glass and requested him to look in it; he did so, and saw "something that looked like a man's whiskers, but no face." He paid a second visit and gave her money to buy some stuff at a druggist's. The woman went to his house next day, took tea with him, told him that the person who had the watch was very hard hearted, and demanded several dollars wherewith to buy more stuff. All the instructions she gave him was to stay at home till midnight, when the man who had the watch would bring it. Of course the watch never made its appearance, and the only consolation for the man was to get the woman punished for fraud.

Ideals are the engines that draw men up to the higher planes of being. It is from ideals that aspirations spring, and it is by them that development is produced; though they may be but little flickering lights, they are like the north star, that guides men and enables them to find their way on the trackless sea.

The mind that is much elevated and insolent with prosperity, and cast down with adversity, is generally abject and base.

EARLY EDUCATION AND EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

It can hardly fail to strike every thinking and observing individual that there are a great many persons in the world who commence life without any fixed or definite idea; who are blown hither and thither by every strange wind of doctrine, influenced by every fresh vagary of fortune or fashion; who flit from occupation to occupation, and from amusement to amusement, like butterflies, having no aim or object in life beyond mere existence, or the enjoyment of the passing hour.

Such people not unfrequently marry while young, and when they are cut adrift from the moorings of home, and forced to begin life entirely on their own account, they look back on the circumstances that led to their union as a series of accidents or chances, more or less lucky according to their position. After the first bloom of enthusiasm has rubbed off, they are apt to regard the cares, duties and responsibilities of married life as trying, onerous and often sorely perplexing, more especially in the matter of bringing up their children.

Indeed, to all parents, young parents especially, this proves a real stumbling block. Some from excessive anxiety, some from excessive worry, exclaim, "What am I to do with my children?" It has been often stated that the mind of a child is a sheet of blank paper, on which anything whatever may be written—a statement which is only to a certain extent true, as it is an obvious fact that both in our physical and mental constitutions there are original tendencies and propensities, which only require cultivation and guidance; the seeds are already sown, the first faint lines of character are already traced on a fair blank sheet, and only want the heat and light of instruction and training to bring them clearly out, and show fully and fairly their proportions. If sufficient food, raiment and mere affection were all a human being required during the first decade of existence, such wants could be supplied with comparative ease; but who that has watched the eager, curious and observant eyes of a child, or listened to the remarks that seemed to bubble like a spring of water from some inner depths of intelligence, or to the pertinent, often profound questions, that puzzle the gravest and wisest teachers, who that has been staggered by some query, put with childish directness of purpose, and perfect confidence of a satisfactory reply, or astounded by some abstract reflection most gravely uttered, can help admitting that in childhood the mind is predominant over the body, and that early education is a very serious matter, requiring to be well thought about, and by no means neglected? Gentleness, firmness and truth are among the earliest influences that should be brought to bear upon the mind of childhood. The adoption of love, and disuse of terror, are having the happiest influences on modern education, and wilful cruelty and wanton mischief have ceased to be the schoolboy's characteristics, since undue severity has become a thing of the past. Indeed, the general increase of gentleness and politeness among all classes is one of the grandest and at the same time inevitable results of modern culture. The history of past centuries exhibits a very painful severity towards the young; the crown was not deemed more essential to the king, the great seal to the chancellor, than the birch to the schoolmaster. It requires no great effort of imagination to call up the grim old pedagogue, with his knitted brows and compressed lips, and we can easily understand the art by which each trembling youngster

"had learned to trace
The day's disaster in his morning face."

Lady Jane Gray tells us that she never sat down in her mother's presence. Even the study of the severest theology, or the driest philosophy, must have been a relaxation from such unmotherly austerity. The youngsters of this nineteenth century have much to be grateful for in that respect. The Wackford Squeerses, the Dotheboys Halls, and the grim parents, have passed away, vanished under the genial influence of civilization. As we grow more cultivated, we become more kindly-mannered if not kindly-affectioned one to another, and the terrible icy barrier of coldness, reserve and unkindness between parent and child, teacher and pupil, is forever swept away.

The great battle for existence, the daily toil for daily bread, occupies much of the time of a vast majority of fathers and mothers, thus forcing them to delegate to some one else the important task of educating their children, and it is satisfactory to know that the opportunities for doing so are much increased and improved, but there are some things which must be taught at home, some principles which can be instilled by parents only. In ordinary education the more intellectual faculties are considered to require care and culture; the moral nature is left entirely to itself, or else it is supposed to derive some adventitious benefit from the intellectual training; frequently too the body is neglected, health and vigor are often ruthlessly sacrificed to a morbid craving for mental distinction. The natural appetite for knowledge, which should be carefully fostered, is sometimes stimulated by unhealthy ambitions. The desire of gaining a prize takes the place of a genuine love of learning and advancement, and when the prize is won at school, and the praise at home, a child is very apt to forget facts that have been mentally bolted instead of being slowly masticated. It should be ever present to the mind of the teacher that children have three distinct natures—the moral, the mental, and the physical. It takes several years to amalgamate those three, and while they remain separate each must have separate treatment. One should never trench upon or be made subservient to the others—the cultivation of the mental nature is the work of the schoolmaster or mistress—the wants of the other two must be supplied at home.

Strict personal neatness, and systematic habits, sow the seeds of future order and punctuality in the graver business of life, and it is well to infuse into every child's mind a little wholesome self-respect—to impress upon each a sense of position and individual responsibility, and teach children that certain things are unworthy of them, and should not be done, not merely because their parents say so, but because of a social and individual dignity of their own. So also they should be early shown that certain other things are for their good, that gentleness, politeness, unselfishness and affection are qualities not only very beautiful and admirable in themselves, but that they have a value far beyond their happy influence on the home circle, that they are beyond all price valuable qualities to bring out into the wide world, the best of capital to commence the business of life with, and that they rarely fail to win for their possessor love, esteem and friendship, and that they make no enemies. Children are quite capable of understanding all that and more, and if the precepts are backed up by the constant daily, hourly practice of that same gentleness, politeness, unselfishness and affection, they cannot fail to sink down deep into the souls of children, and bring forth good fruit in due season.

Very many kind, well-meaning parents consider that when they give their children the best education within their reach, a sufficient quantity of plain wholesome food, and warm decent clothing, they have done everything essential for their future welfare, and that it is not only prudent but praiseworthy for them to screw, and scrape, and pinch, and cut down every expense in order to save money and put it out carefully at interest. Now to a great extent this same saving is a very laudable measure, but it is not by any means without disadvantages.

A little extra expenditure, to make home more refined and pleasant, to provide graceful surroundings, and at the same time increased comfort, is well spent money—or at least in the great majority of cases it proves a good investment. There is nothing children are more vividly impressed by than their home surroundings; nowhere do they go without taking quiet notes and mentally comparing their own drawing room or their own luncheon table at home, with that of the friend or schoolfellow they are visiting. Their style of dress and general appearance, if inferior to that of their companions, often causes them real serious unhappiness: and though we do not approve of tricking children out like dolls, or making lay figures of them to hang the latest French fashions on, we would like to see them always neatly, appropriately, and at the same time stylishly dressed—that is, their dresses of a shape and color becoming to them, carefully made and well fitting, no matter whether the material be linsey, holland or French merino. Well made, well fitting dresses make children look graceful, and to a certain extent act gracefully, while uncouthly cut, ill made, baggy frocks transform really pretty children into dowdies. And so with everything else—children observe and are influenced by their surroundings; therefore it is very desirable that their homes should be neat, orderly and refined; it gives them graceful ideas, accustoms their minds to elegance, and makes them quite at home with the external forms of good breeding.

But while advocating a refined and tasteful home—as refined and as tasteful as the position, circumstances and future prospects of the parents will permit—let it not for one moment be imagined that we approve of lavish expenditure or profusion, or would advise anybody to live up to or beyond their income. Such conduct would be folly, and no amount of logic could refine it into anything else. In no sense of the word do we recommend ostentation, and in no circumstances is extravagance justifiable; and we feel quite certain that good taste, style, and quiet dignity and perfect refinement are quite in harmony with the strictest economy and good management. If people want well cooked, well served food, a scrupulously clean, neat home and respectful attention, they have to pay a trifle more for it than for slipshod, slovenly attendance and cookery; but the gain is so great, and the extra expense so comparatively small, that people who can afford it never for a moment regard the outlay as an extravagance, but rather consider it to be what it really is, a great economy. There is nothing more contrary to good breeding, or more in opposition to true politeness, than display of any kind, whether of wealth, or knowledge, or anything else. True refinement delights in quiet harmony of action, thought, word and surroundings, for the great pleasure such harmony gives, and the grace with which it invests even the simplest home. Show, and glitter, and gaudy grandeur are an utter abomination, and positively painful to the eye of one whose mind was early accustomed to the true beauty of simplicity. Refinement avoids all extremes—steers clear of all peculiarities in dress, manner and conversation; it breeds sincerity, gentleness, truth, unselfishness—or rather it is the result of those qualifications combined with a simple, earnest belief in one's self, and an honest desire to always do the thing that is right. A truly refined woman is

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrow's simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

It is from the example of such a mother that children learn to be simple, natural, gentle and graceful. In their nursery, or at their mother's knee, the seeds of their future manners are sown. And such early impressions are more powerful, and have a far better, happier influence than all my Lord Chesterfield's principles of politeness committed to memory, and all the other rules and maxims ever written. Beyond all doubt and question, example has a most powerful influence on both early education and early impressions, and it becomes every one to well consider what sort of example he or she sets, and what sort of impressions are provided for the minds of children.

What is Done with Goose Quills.

Metallic pens were invented in the last century, but the general employment of this most useful implement dates only from 1840. At that date quill pens ceased all over the world to be used for writing except by a few persons. Invention, however, changes but does not destroy utility, and the goose quill was destined for other purposes. A French firm were the principal originators of the new manufacture, and have invented some most ingenious machines for its manipulation. The demand for the wing feathers is now greater than ever, and every known country is ransacked to obtain a supply. The largest feathers are worth $40 per 1000, and the smaller and medium sizes $4 to $8 per 1000. The exterior feathers of the wing, as is well known, possess a very strong, stiff shaft, curved and furnished with short plumes, close lying and firm in texture. These were very inconvenient when the quill was used for writing, as they gave it a tendency to turn in the hand. But what was formerly a disadvantage, and often stripped off as useless, has now become one of the most valued portions. In all the operations the feathers are first soaked in water, and some of the manipulations require the utmost precision and dexterity. One of the first consists in cutting off the tubes, by the use of a peculiar chisel, which acts upon a bunch of feathers presented by a girl, who equalizes their entrance to the machine, and the tubes fall on one side.

The second operation is cutting the brillantine, which is a very thin and transparent skin covering the outside of a portion of the shaft of the outer wing feathers only. This operation requires much dexterity, and is performed by making an incision with a small knife at the upper part of the shaft, and then stripping off the brillantine at one stroke of the hand. Dyed in every shade of color, this is employed by the modistes to fabricate those indescribable undulating attractions which adorn the headdresses and hats of ladies.

The brillantine being removed, the large plume is stripped off by hand, and put aside to make carpets, which carpets, it is said, cannot be worn out. Here the manual work ends, and the machines commence operations on the shaft. A girl enters them, one by one, between two small rollers, which press them against a knife in such a manner that the outer, horny portion, between the two ranges of plumes, is shaved off. Immediately another girl receives the shaft, and, turning it over, passes it through a second pair of rollers, by the knife appertaining to which the inferior or under outer covering, which is traversed by a depression, is sliced away from the interior portion.

The strips or shavings of the shaft thus cut are now taken by young children to another machine, which, by the pressure of fluted cylinders, cuts them into a certain number of threads. These are afterwards dyed of any desired color. From them, excellent brushes are made, much used in the French navy and in Germany. They are utilized also for the pointed parts of artificial flowers and fruits, but for these purposes the waste cuttings are generally employed. The pith, or inner part of the shaft, mixed with the waste of the establishment, is taken into another department, whence it returns in the shape of beautiful velvet paper hangings.

Among the tubes separated at the first operation, those which are least valuable (and for this purpose the wing feathers of ducks are used also) pass to the toothpick machines. The latter, worked by steam, cut the toothpicks at one blow, and the same motion counts them on a dial at the side. One of these machines, working continually, uses the tubes of wing feathers of 10,000 birds, and makes from 200,000 to 250,000 toothpicks, per day.

It is necessary to remove not only the pellicle on the outside of the quill, but the pith within. The former operation is done by putting large quantities of the tubes into a cylinder filled with water and revolved continually. The removal of the pith is effected by placing the tubes in a wire basket which has a reciprocating motion in water.

Many of the quill barrels are also appropriated to the old time use of making camel's hair brushes for painting and marking; also some for fishing floats, for cartridge tubes, and quick matches for cannon.

We must not omit to mention another use of quills—their formation into pens, of the form of steel pens. They are much used in England, though very rarely, we believe, in the United States. The outer wing quills make the best pens of this kind, and some persons like them as a medium between the old style of quill pen and the steel pen. A machine with guides and a small circular saw having very fine teeth, slits the quill, the concave halves of which are afterwards pressed, pointed, and slit under dies, in the same mode as steel pens. The upper (plume) parts of quills the barrels of which are large enough to be utilized as above mentioned, are sent to England for the manufacture of shuttlecocks, and the demand is greater than the supply.

The best portion cut from the shaft of the quill has long been used for making elastic rings or caps for the heads of infants, graceful baskets for ladies, and for many other designs.

Absurdities of Modern Credulity.

Those who are laboring, either as individuals or in social institutions, to raise the level and improve the tone of life among the mass of the people, are repeatedly confronted by disheartening evidence that gross superstition, ignorant credulity, still exist among us to a lamentable degree. Even comfortable farmers with their wives and children, small shopkeepers in the country towns, and working men and women in the larger towns, are to be found among the dupes of fortune tellers and witch finders; albeit servant girls are the most numerous victims.

To prove that we are not overdrawing the picture, it will suffice to give a few jottings so recent in date as within the last ten years, mainly derived from authentic police reports. Most of the cases are from English sources, but in America, if these silly superstitions are not so extensively spread as elsewhere, they still have a strong hold among certain of the people.

In a neighboring county a man went into a friend's house, and there found a child suffering with a severe cough. The father had delayed sending for a doctor until he tested the efficacy of a remedy which he declared had never failed. This remedy or charm consisted in cutting a few hairs from the patient's head where the neck joins it, placing them between two thin slices of bread and butter, and giving them to a dog to eat. Resisting his neighbor's expostulation at such an absurdity, the father of the child administered this delectable sandwich to a dog; if the animal had sickened, a doctor for the child would have been sent for; but as Rover did not seem to care much about it, the invalid was left to recover without the aid of medicine.

At another place, in the same year, a whole family held firmly to the belief that they were visited by beings of a very exceptional character—sometimes a human creature carrying his head under his arm, sometimes a headless being that descended the chimney; sometimes a headless couple that tossed the beds and the inmates about, and made havoc with the furniture. Neither ridicule nor serious talk could shake them in this belief; they declared themselves to be bewitched, and that relief could only be found by drawing blood from the person supposed to be the witch. Unfortunately for her, the foolish people suspected a woman named Jane Ward, who lived a door or two off. The father pounced upon her one day, held her firmly, and cut her face with a knife. The family professed to be at once relieved by this method of breaking the spell; they all slept well that night, which they declared they had not done for some time previously. Jane Ward did not of course approve of such an extraordinary proceeding, and the magistrate committed the man on the charge of cutting and maiming.

About the same period, the law had to mete out justice to an evildoer in Devonshire, England, who had met with a dupe of almost incredible silliness. A laboring man whose wife had an attack of paralysis, believed that she was "ill wished" by some one—apparently a modification of the old belief in the Evil Eye. Having heard of a woman possessing magic power, he went and sought her out as a means of ascertaining who was the ill-wisher. The wise woman was equal to the occasion. She told him that his wife would have to "see the planets," and gather certain herbs in the churchyard for twenty-one nights. Moreover, certain powders had to be burnt in the fire, one in the morning and one in the evening, and the ninety-first psalm was to be read during the burning; a "skin" was to be worn around the neck, put on for the first time on a Sunday. A piece of parchment was given to him under the name of a charm, bearing cabalistic signs or hieroglyphics, with a few sentences—"Whosoever beareth this sign, all spirits do him homage," "This sign against witchcraft, putrid infections, and sudden death," "Whoso beareth this sign need fear no foe," "This is a sign against witchcraft and suicide and evil demons." The foolish man lent a willing ear to all this, and as he had saved a little money, he became a welcome dupe to the wise woman, who fleeced him of a considerable sum. As his wife became more "ill wished" than ever, or at any rate more paralyzed than before, his eyes were opened a little; he told his grievances to a magistrate, and imprisonment at hard labor was allotted to the wise woman.

In a certain fashionable town, a married woman, touched with jealousy, went in 1868 to ascertain whether a fortune teller could confirm her suspicions. The fortune teller, an old man, replied in the affirmative, and undertook to "bewitch the other woman" by burning a certain drug, and money was given him to buy it. The wife, on returning home, being attacked with rather sudden and severe pains, suspected that the old man had bewitched her instead of the other woman. This absurd idea led to a charge being laid against the man for wrongly bewitching; but the court resolved it into a simple case of obtaining money under false pretences, and punished him accordingly.

A mixture of witch credulity and spiritualistic credulity showed itself in a singular way in an advertisement which appeared in a journal devoted to that class of subjects. "A gentleman being bewitched by a hired man-witch in his immediate neighborhood, hired and avowedly paid during thirty-five years a fixed sum of money yearly by miscreants for his criminal services, would be glad to meet any medium who might be able by spectral sight, by clairvoyance, or by trance, to identify the said man-witch." Poor gentleman! his mind was evidently thrown off its balance by some one of the numerous brain diseases which now occupy so much of the attention of thoughtful physicians.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

A great deal of tear-bedewed romance and gush
Is sometimes bestowed on the fast fading Past,
When in fact most have often more reason to blush
That they seem to regret it was too sweet to last.
But midst all the songs that the blighted heart sings,
There is none that finds favor like "What might have been;"
For 'tis known, so 'tis said, in the palace of kings,
In the hut of the peasant, and all that's between.

And "What might have been?" You lament that the one
Whom your heart loved so dearly was chosen by Fate—
Though it seemed then like robbing the world of the sun—
To be named as Another's—some cursed rival's mate?
But look at her now—ugly, fifty, and fat;
With Xantippe's temper, and voice like a queau;
Just think of the husband that has to stand that,
And then dare to sadly sigh, "What might have been!"

Do you still flout your shrouud in Fortune's despite?
Is it naught that, like one of the cracksman's sly clan,
He must climb o'er the woodshed when out late at night—
You've a latchkey to open the door like a man?
What terror for you bears a broomstick or club?
Or if melons be plenty, and apples be green?
There's no drugstore to buy for some colicky cub,
Then trot him till dawn, moaning, "'Twas to have been!"

But 'tis true, sadly true, as in all other songs
On all the world's subjects of peace, woe or bliss,
'Tis the lot of fair woman, 'mid the rest of her wrongs,
That her mournful soprano sounds loudest in this.
But why should she chant it? Maids youthful and old
Have seldom much reason, and oft none, I ween,
To regret the Brass Age that seemed gilded with Gold,
In the sad variations of "What might have been."

Must fond Juliet weep when she thinks of the light
That in other days beamed on her Romeo's brow?
But draw back the curtain. Behold him half tight—
Can she feel that he looks, or is, heroic now,
Fadgy and bald, and with spectacled nose,
That alone in its judgment of cocktails is keen?
Would ye add to this life's unavoidable woes
With a dirge for the well-escaped "What might have been?"

There can be no doubt but with some it may be
That the Past holds concealed in its bottomless grave
Treasures dearer by far than the earth or the sea
To the heart or the hand of mankind ever gave.
But the most would declare, if the truth could be known:
"There's a time for to dance,' and the best ever seen
For the purpose, is when, whilst the sufferers groan,
They rejoice that "what might have," for their luck "has not been."

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER I.—[CONTINUED.]

"'Jessa,'" 'papa,' 'Jessa'—stop, I remember something! What? what? A garden, I think, and Jessa, a very tall woman."

"Tall to a child, I dare say. Yes, I think you've got it."

He paused to breathe heavily, looking eagerly at me.

In the midst of my wonder I noticed, with surprise, that the rough tone and rustic language which usually characterized Paul Massey, were leaving him, his words were broken, faltered forth, but the boorish dialect was disappearing. He had never looked like a dalesman, but he looked less than ever now, while his face was drained of blood, and his eyes were clear with earnest purpose, shining through the death film which again and again passed over them, and disappeared as if driven back by his determination to speak a little longer.

"Go to the press," he urged feverishly, "and bring me paper and pen, or pencil. Bring the light near, and write—ah! you cannot write. My fault, my fault—and you the heiress to thousands! Then I will write myself. Hold me up, Sylvia—higher yet. The light, the light! I cannot see much longer!"

He was a ghastly object while laboring over the few words. His wounds broke out afresh; the blood trickled down on the floor; his straining eyes were fixed on the paper, on which his wounded hand traced some words; he muttered each aloud as he slowly formed it, pausing between each. This fell upon my ear with all the distinctness resulting from mental and bodily acute suffering, as, bathed in perspiration, I upheld his weight:

"I Paul Massey, once tradesman in Oxford, on my death-bed swear to the truth of these words: Sylvia Crawford, passing as my daughter, was stolen by me from her father's villa, near Venice, on the 20th of May, 1832, in revenge for a wrong done by him to me. May Heaven restore her to her rights, and likewise forgive me."

He dropped the blood stained paper and fell back.

"Keep it," he murmured, panting, as I wiped the death sweat from his forehead; "take it to Parson Kirby, and tell him what has happened; he knows what passes in the world. There was an advertisement in the papers about two years ago—yes, two years. You are like your father—I have hated you for it; but, if any one remembers him, they will be soon satisfied about the identity. The clothes you wore when I took you are still in the oak press. And that's over."

A livid change passed over his face. I dashed water upon him, and the strong spirit struggled to keep its tenement. He bade me open the door, and early dawn stole into the dreadful room, turning the candle light into a sickly yellow, faintly gleaming on the wrecked furniture and the wistful face of the dying man, turned longingly to the silvery light.

Some birds chirped in the bushes, the mists were slowly rising over the mountain, the sound of a distant waterfall reached us, and I fell on my knees and sobbed aloud, overpowered by the contrast between the freshness of the day and his waning life.

"Let me do something for you, father," I sobbed, forgetting all that had passed.

"Ay, call me that now, lass, if you will," he said, smiling faintly. "You are a heroine, little Sylvia. I've been a brute to you, but I hope you'll get your rights yet."

His eyes sought the light again, while he murmured dreamily:

"I was a happy, prosperous man when I married," I heard him say. "She was—oh, what a beautiful woman! But she never loved me. We had children, but it drew us no nearer, though I would have put my neck beneath her feet to do her a pleasure. Then she got to tell me how gentlemen admired her, and I took a glass or two to make me forget her taunts. That was the beginning—soon she said I illused her—perhaps so. But I know she might have stopped me then, if she would. She did not care enough about me for that, and she wanted to be free. She goaded me on, and she got free. I gave her an income, and she went to live at a watering place, and left me the children. I put them to school and lived alone. Some time afterwards I heard the life she was living, and followed after, and punished her and him!"

His voice ceased; he sank back and lay panting heavily, his eyes hard and fixed; then he suddenly sprang upright, a blood-stained figure, with staring eyes, and shrieked:

"Sylvia Crawford, you have a deadly enemy! Beware of——"

The sentence was never finished, for the blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell forward—dead!

CHAPTER II.

By noon that day the whole village knew that Paul Massey had met his death. The men who caused it voluntarily came forward and surrendered themselves during the inquiry. After the coroner's inquest they were released; it was clear that he had begun the attack, and that they had acted only in self-defence.

I was examined at the inquest, and in consequence of my evidence, the men were strongly reprimanded.

Several of the savage yeomen scowled darkly on me as they listened, without deigning to testify the least remorse at the death, through their means, of their once boon companion.

These were the race of North-country folk, who keep a stone in their pocket for seven years, turn it, and then keep it seven years longer, that it may be ever ready to their hand when their enemy draws near. I felt that I had made one or two brutal foes, as I left the room in company with Johnnie Hope, who had taken me home on hearing of my destitute condition.

I had waited with sullen patience during the week of confusion following Paul Massey's death; but, when we returned from seeing him laid in Garthdale churchyard, I drew my stool over to the settle near to where the farmer sat by the peat-fire smoking and meditating, and tried in my imperfect way to explain what the dead man had confessed to me at the last.

A ludicrous expression of the blankest amazement appeared in Johnnie Hope's round eyes as I blundered on with my tale and produced the stained paper of confession that I had guarded carefully; but, after vainly endeavoring to prove that my late troubles had driven me clean mad, and no wonder, he was fain at last to lay down his pipe, clap his hand on his knee, and ejaculate:

"Dong my buttons, I'se fairly scomfished to say if thy tale hauds water or no! Why didst no say this afore, down yander?"

"I didn't want to," I replied briefly; "but there's a bit of paper poor father left me; and I have seen the child's grand frock and a gold thing for her neck in the black press, all as he telled me," I cried, biting a bit of string, half in hope, half in dudgeon at the way that Johnnie Hope received such news from luckless Sylvia.

"An' he gived ye to understan' that thou'd turn oot to be a real grand leddy? Hoot, lassie, I canna manish to think o' it; but a body's not easy to bide on's ain garth wi' sicean a tale afloat. I'll een gang oop t' mountain t' Parson Kirby afore the day's an hour older. It'll be ne'er satisfied till I 'a telled he. Coom thou too."

Almost bewildered at my success in moving the stolid farmer to such unusual speed, I ran for his hat and staff, and we went down the valley and over the mountain-side together. The farmer was silent. I think he had an uneasy feeling that my story would prove to be only a canard after all, and that the ridicule would attach itself to his name for believing it; but I did not care for that as I plodded on doggedly beside him. My stolid apathy was a little stirred; the old life was broken up; people were in and out of the stone house all day. Whenever I escaped from the Hopes, I ran off to my old home, and I thought perpetually over those faint recollections of a former life, and pondered on Paul Massey's dying confession.

My savage solitary life had made me a strange, wild creature, had stunted all feeling except under great pressure, and made me averse from showing any. My feelings were slow and deeply rooted, and habit was strong with me. I was deeply sorry for Paul Massey's death, and vaguely conscious that he was an injured man, hardly as he had treated me, grinding drudgery as he had put me to. If I could have had him back at a wish, I should have wished it, even though the old wretched life began again. Yet I never openly regretted him, any more than I never spoke against him, now that he was dead. I had met with so little kindness that I was indifferent about it, except that it surprised me; and even now I hated to be obliged to the good Hopes for a home, for, if Massey's story were true, I ought to have one of my own, and people of my own to care for me.

The beautiful country was beautiful indeed on this day. Recent storms had swelled the mountain torrents, which were leaping down the rocks and sparkling in the sun, had freshened the early verdure, and called forth the singing-birds to rejoice in its loveliness. The mountains were clear against the sky; peat-moss was soft beneath our tread; fresh heathery mountain breezes lifted my long locks and fluttered the scanty black frock which Mrs. Hope decreed I should wear; and I reluctantly loved the beauty around me, and longed, yet hated, to leave it, not knowing what to wish for, only restless and dissatisfied now that the great dread of my life, being lifted, left my mind vacant for new impressions. The Rectory was a long way off, but we reached it at last, and were shown into "Parson's book-room," where the tall stalwart bushy-whiskered Rector received us.

He was hardly enough to be a dalesman himself, and keen and intellectual to boot. He listened quietly to Johnny Hope till he discovered that I was the original narrator of the tale, and then made me tell it, eliciting in a wonderfully quick way all that I had ever heard or seen or noted to confirm my statement.

"Take the child back with you, Hope," he said at last, "and let her have a long holiday, and do what she likes. Leave this to me; we will soon know if there is anything in it. Good-bye, lassie, he continued, kindly patting my head; "you have suffered a great deal; and now run about with the children and forget everything else."

* * * * *

A month had passed. There had been gentlemen down to see me—there had been endless correspondence. The Rector's wife would fain have had me stay with them, but her husband quietly prevented it; and when I went with the Hopes to church the entire congregation "glowered" with open-mouthed wonder at wild Paul Massey's poor little drudge. That I was the child of a man who was murdered was nothing to the wonder that I was now certain one day to be a lady, if money could make me one. Neither the Rector nor Johnny Hope disclosed the secret till the facts were established; but it oozed out notwithstanding, and soon became the choicest bit of gossip.

Young as I was, I hated being a village marvel, and flew to hide from every homely visitor to the Hopes' farm, who came to stare at me as if my fine fortune had made some external difference in one who had lived and suffered among them for seven long years—a far greater object of interest then than now.

Just five weeks from the Easter-day on which I had crouched outside the stone house on the fell-side, I stood at the door of a far different house awaiting admittance. Mr. Kirby, the Rector, stood by me, his kind grasp holding my trembling fingers; I knew he was speaking, but the thick, dull air and incessant roar of carriages in adjacent streets made all confusion. My head ached with its first experience of London streets, railway-travelling, the parting with a past life, the dread of the new one approaching. Already I felt a desire "to gang back t' th' hills they did gaily put for such as I," when the door opened, my faltering feet bore me mechanically over the threshold, and the new life began.

A dim vision of gold-framed pictures, crimson carpets on the stairs, white marble figures, and flowers of strange beauty, accompanied by oppressive heat, was my first wondering experience; then a little white fluffy dog ran out of an open door, and barked asthmatically as we ascended the stairs and while the tall man-servant opened a door, and announced gently, "Mr. Kirby and a young lady."

We were ushered into a large lofty room with more pictures and flowers, and saw a tall lady rising from a couch. She bent gracefully to Mr. Kirby in passing, and came straight up to me, took my red, toil-worn hands in her little white ones, and drew me to the window.

"And this is Sylvia," she said.

We looked at each other. I saw a fair gentle face, which looked as if nothing had ever approached to ruffle its sweet amiability, and a graceful figure clad in silk and muslin, for the May-day was warm. And what did she see? Something that brought tears to her eyes, that made her delicate lips quiver.

"Oh, my poor child—my brother's child!" she murmured, and laid her fair hand on my forehead, pushing back my hat.

I drew back abruptly, trembling and flushed; something in her voice touched me. But I was not used to such compassion, and turned rudely from her.

"Why is she in black? Surely the poor child need not mourn for that wretch?" she asked Mr. Kirby, who stood gravely by.

"It is Sylvia's own wish to wear it; I think you had better humor her at present," he said.

"She'd best not miscall him while I'm by!" I called out suddenly and fiercely—and I was acutely conscious that my tone and accent grated on the lady's delicate ear.

"Do not be alarmed," Mr. Kirby interposed, and a broad, sunshiny smile brightened his face as he noticed the lady's shocked expression; "we Cumberland folk have strange ways of expressing feeling, and your little niece has lived amongst us so long that she has caught it of us. Yet there is something noble, too, in that obstinate fidelity to the memory of a man who used her like a dog. Win her affections, my dear madam, and they will be doubly knit by kindness and custom combined."

"Indeed I do not quarrel with her constancy," replied the lady gently, yet nervously; "but it is difficult for me to look at the worn, sad young face of my poor brother's only child and forgive. It is well perhaps that he is spared the sight—though to the very last he called for his child, his little Sylvia. But, since early impressions are so much to her, let me give them a strong test."

She touched a little silver bell—ah, how well I recollect its tiny sound, and the very perfume which came from her dress as she passed me! Her voice again struck some chord of remembrance, and I quivered through every nerve.

Another trial awaited me. The open door admitted a thin brown-skinned woman of about forty, strangely dressed. She wore a short dark blue petticoat and a red velvet bodice, a gray striped cloth apron, and white chemisette and long white sleeves; a folded white handkerchief covered her head and depended from it, hanging, veil-like, down to her shoulders.

I gasped and felt choked; my breast felt its load shaken as this figure walked across the room, stopped abruptly within a foot of me, and the woman's large intensely black eyes surveyed me keenly; then in an instant she fell upon her knees, clasped her hands, and held them out imploringly to me.

"*Madonna mia*, it is the *padrona* himself!" she cried. "*Amina mia*, dost not thou know thy Jessa? *Ah Dio* it is my *bambinetta*, my *poverella*—she that I nursed as a babe!"

The costume, the face, the voice, the fond Italian words, brought back the memories of childhood. The bright sun of Italy seemed to warm me, its blue vaulted sky was above me. Recollection burst its bonds in an instant, and I knew that my old Italian nurse was before me.

"Jessa, Jessa, it is thou!" I cried; and as the tears gushed forth I sprang to the bosom of the faithful woman, and the apathy which lay at my heart like ice was melted, and the slow despair brought by years of suffering yielded to the conviction that I was at home once more.

The aunt who thus received me was my nearest surviving relative. Mrs. Escombe and my father were twins, and as fondly attached as twins often are. As I became gradually civilised under her most affectionate care, she unfolded to me the circumstances of our family history which it was necessary for me to know.

I learnt that at the time of my aunt Fanny's marriage my father was a gay young Guardsman—upright and honorable in principle, but possessed of violent passions and a most unconquerable will. For some unknown reason he suddenly left the Guards and went to live in Italy, and soon afterwards informed his sister of his marriage: this was followed, in course of time, by the birth of a daughter—myself. For two years after this correspondence ceased between them. Mr. Escombe's fatal hereditary complaint, consumption, attacked him, and his wife's time was occupied with him, and the care of her small family of three children, two of whom in a short time followed him to the grave. Her health was injured by grief and nursing, and change of scene was recommended.

She wrote to her brother, and announced her intention of seeking him out during her travels on the Continent; but her letter was unanswered; and finally she met him quite unexpectedly at the Uffizzi Palace at Florence, strolling through the galleries with a lady on his arm, whose striking beauty attracted general notice. It was his wife, to whom he seemed devotedly attached. Hardly a year elapsed when he wrote to his sister to say that he had lost his wife, and eighteen months afterwards he returned to England a completely changed man—his wife dead, his child stolen.

The utmost efforts of the Italian police to track the thief or thieves failed—they were supposed to be some of the mountain banditti—and, after waiting long in the hope of ransoming me from them, he returned to his family a grief-stricken, silent man. In England he renewed his efforts at discovery, employing both English and French police, but in vain; and, longing for distraction, at the first rumor of the impending Crimean war he joined his old regiment, and left for the shores of the Black Sea.

Thoroughly adored by his men for his reckless daring and personal sacrifice of every comfort in their favor, he was wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol while eagerly working with the sappers like a common soldier. He was struck by a half spent ball, rendered unfit for active service, and sent home to die.

So firmly was he convinced that I should be found at last that he ordered that at his death another large reward should be offered for my restoration. The advertisement appeared in all the best-circulated papers, English and Continental, coupled with the particulars of his will, in which he left me his entire property, directing that if I was not found it should be left untouched for fifty years, after which time it was to go to his nearest surviving relative.

This was the advertisement Paul Massey alluded to; it appeared after my father's death, and two years before his implacable enemy met his own. Of the cause for that enmity, my father, at least, appeared unconscious; as far as could be ascertained, Massey's name was never heard from his lips, nor did his papers give any evidence that he knew of such a man, or such an enemy. Yet the name was no *alias*, and Massey's children, of whom my abductor left traces, received what little property the unhappy man had not squandered, together with a sum supplied by compassion.

And so the years passed away. But I was not civilised in a few months or by a few kind efforts. My temper was not good; the refinements around me were often contemptible annoyances in my eyes; the alterations required of me in manner, speech, and dress too often fiercely resented. Restraint was irksome, and reading and writing—not to mention other accomplishments—certainly did not "come by nature" to me.

For a long time I fear, I was wild and intractable; no gipsy countess ever pined more to return to her woodland home than I did to slip my silken bonds and go back to the free mountains of Cumberland. But what can not be accomplished by love and patience combined? After a while I grew ashamed of opposing sullen obstinacy to mildly-spoken but firm determination and unvarying kindness. High-bred courtesy and consideration called forth answering attempts on my part, clumsy and rustic at first; but when they were persisted in they became easier and more spontaneous day by day, and then—thank Heaven I had a loving nature, and when it awoke to a chosen few I counted no toil too great to undertake for their pleasure, and pride and ambition too, of which I had my share, made me eager not to be distanced.

Still my early years of misery could never be wholly blotted out. They left their traces on my face; they left their traces on my nature by giving me the unconquerable feeling of isolation which must belong to one who has lived a life never to be shared or understood by his daily companions. What did these happy people know of real trial? I could only wonder to see what little things powerfully affected those whom I respected the most. My early training gave me a composure, a hidden strength, which flattered the dominant passion of my nature, which was pride, and, keeping me free from the pretty affectations of girls of my age, gave a direct simplicity to my manner, which some people called charming, and some people still called uncouth.

However, such as I was, my dear gentle aunt loved me. Jessa adored me—as she would have done if I had still remained the little rustic she found me—and I had a few friends whom I liked sincerely.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOSTON NEWSBOYS.—Boston newsboys wear a badge upon their jackets with the number and "license" upon it, in itself a guarantee of good behavior, for before obtaining this from the city government the boys are on probation a certain length of time. If they prove worthy and promise faithfully to comply with the terms of a "Minor's License," the Board of Aldermen makes out their papers. By the payment of one dollar a silver badge is given them which they wear conspicuously in sight. If at any time they wish to give up their licenses, their badges are returned and they get back their dollar. As every child must go to school in Boston for two hours a day during the school year, there are two special schools in which they and the boot-blackers, little peddlers, organ boys, and other children in trade, get the full worth of their school hours, in specially graded studies.

ANTIQUITY OF SEALING WAX.—Wax has been used for sealing since the earliest ages. The oldest seals seem to have been impressed on white wax. Subsequently yellow WAX was used. At a more recent period, sealing wax was colored red; and about the fourteenth century it was colored green, and sometimes black.

STRAW AND CARPETS.—Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy, that when not performed it was said that the host "did not care a rush or a straw" for his guest; hence the origin of the expression so common now.

Margaret.

BY F. G.

It was by the old sun-dial I saw her first. About her was a blaze of sunshine; blood-red and virgin-white roses bent their beauteous heads beside her.

I had met her brother a month before in London.

We had been schoolfellows once upon a time, and when, after years of separation, we encountered and recognized each other, he gave me an invitation to come and see him.

Having accepted his invitation, and apprised him of the day and hour of my arrival, I certainly expected to find a conveyance awaiting me at the rustic station.

Such was not the case, so I engaged a fly to take me to my destination.

When we stopped before a pretty, low-storied house, a maid-servant opened the door. The expression of astonishment which the sight of my luggage called forth was quickly suppressed, as she bade the driver deposit it in the hall, and ushered me into the dining-room.

I had not been there many minutes, when the master of the house entered.

"My dear fellow," he began, almost before he had opened the door, "I don't know how to express my regret. I have been so busy lately—I am writing a series of articles for the *Weekly Gazette*—that I put your letter aside and forgot to tell my people you were coming."

"Pray don't apologize if I am in the way," I began.

"No, no; not at all," he hastily interrupted; "only I am sorry you had to come from the station by yourself. Would you like a little refreshment now, or will you wait till dinner time?"

"I should prefer waiting," I replied.

"Then come to my room at once."

Thus speaking, my host led me to his chamber, an apartment of ample dimensions, but crammed with books, pamphlets, and periodicals.

Telling me to make use of whatever I might require, he begged me to excuse him, as he had still a few paragraphs to add to an article he wished despatched by that night's post.

"If I am not back by the time you have finished your toilet, you will find my sister downstairs," he added as he left me.

He did not return, so I ventured down unaccompanied.

The smooth green lawns tempted me through the open window, and the quaintness of the floral arrangements lured me on from path to path.

And so, walking along, I turned a sharp corner, and saw her first, my "Queen of Beauty."

Screened from view by a clump of evergreens, I stared spellbound. I had seen many handsome women, but never before had I beheld such a perfect face, so perfect a figure.

There was a noise of swift footsteps, and a gentleman came hurrying forward, a joyous expression on his face.

At the sound of his hasty approach the white jewelled fingers were unclasped, the fair face roused from its abstraction, the dusky, luminous eyes were lifted, and with a calm smile Margaret Elliott returned the new-comer's greeting.

"Elliott, is Mr. Vernon a relative of yours?" I abruptly asked, as we chatted over old school days before retiring to rest.

"Well, not at present; but he soon will be I suppose."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why Margaret and he are to be married next month."

"But surely Mr. Vernon is a great deal older than your sister."

"Yes, certainly. He is nearly sixty and she is twenty."

"And what are her feelings? Does she like him?"

"I think so; she seems quite reconciled and happy. Vernon is immensely rich; then he comes of a good old family, and will spoil and indulge her to her heart's content."

"Oh! Well, I shall turn in now; good-night."

Six weeks later I read the announcement of the marriage of William Gale Vernon and Margaret Alice Elliott.

* * * * *

I was at Brighton in an extremely lazy mood, and even with the hotel in sight sat myself down on a seat facing the road, and fell to idly scrutinizing the folks as they went by.

All at once my attention was engaged by a group of three. They had passed beyond me before I observed them; but I could perceive that the occupant of the Bath chair, drawn by a man in livery, was a gentleman, and that the lady who walked by his side was young.

Some subtle attraction impelled me to rise and follow them.

I slackened my speed as I came up to them, and turned slightly so as to catch a view of the lady's face.

"Mrs. Vernon!"

The color on her cheeks deepened by ever so faint a tinge, but the next moment she was the well-bred woman of the world again, as she smiled and extended her hand.

From her I turned to the occupant of the Bath-chair, and my emotion was simply one of shocked surprise as I recognized her husband in the emaciated frame before me.

"My husband is a great invalid," she said.

Mr. Vernon looked up quickly.

"Yes, but I have no cause to complain, for my dear wife makes my hours of pain and sickness so bright, that I have found more happiness in ill-health than during my long life of strength and vigor."

When Mr. Vernon and I were once alone together he began speaking of his wife.

"It has frequently occurred to me," he said, "that I ought never to have allowed Margaret to consider herself bound by her promise to her dying father. I ought to have known that such discrepancy in age was too great and unnatural ever to be productive of happiness."

There was a tap at the door, and Bennett, Mr. Vernon's personal attendant, appeared.

"If you please, sir, you are wanted immediately," he said, addressing me.

I left the room to find awaiting me a messenger, with the tidings of my mother's dangerous illness.

I made my hasty adieux, and started for London.

For weeks I watched by her bedside, and when the crisis was favorably passed a winter's residence in the South of France was ordered.

I was making preparations for our sojourn abroad, when the news came to me that Margaret Vernon was a widow.

Some time after this an invitation came from my old friend, Ted Forman, to visit him.

So the following day, at seven p. m., my rat-tat resounded through No. 19 Pembroke Gardens, W.

"That's right, old fellow," called out Ted's hearty voice; "come and meet your doom like a man."

"What's up now?" I inquired.

"What's up? Why your Fate awaits you in the drawing-room."

Ted threw open the drawing-room door, and Mrs. Forman rose to welcome me.

"Mr. Frazer, permit me? Mr. Frazer—Mrs. Vernon."

A white, ringless hand was extended, and a musical voice said:

"I have the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with Mr. Frazer."

* * * * *

A keen March wind was blowing. I had been commissioned by Mrs. Forman to choose some new music for her, and was hastening to lay before her the fruits of my selection.

"Are the ladies in?" I inquired of the servant who answered my knock.

"Yes, sir. They are in the drawing-room, I believe."

"Thank you—you need not announce me."

The warm, perfumed air of the cosy apartment felt comfortable after the chill blast outside. As I closed the door a slender figure moved from behind a curtain, and for the first time since her husband's death Margaret and I were alone.

A sudden hope sprung up within me, my tongue was loosened in passionate, vehement pleading.

When at last I ceased, she stood motionless, with drooping head and fingers closely entwined.

"Give me one word of encouragement," I urged; "only one little word, my love, my queen!"

"What would you have me say?" she murmured.

"That you like me a little; that—that you will try to like me more."

With a sobbing catch in her breath, she stretched out her hands.

"Like you a little! Oh! Jack, Jack, I love you with all my heart."

FACETIÆ

"Knee-breeches"—Rents in that region of the pantaloons.

"Dry weather"—That part of the day when a man is most thirsty.

"Calling names"—A mother shouting for her son over the back fence.

"An optical delusion"—"Going to see" a girl, and finding she's not at home.

"An answer in the negative"—A girl sending her picture according to request.

It would seem impossible for a man to be more thoroughly in liquor than after falling into a distillery vat.

It is well in taking any step to strike out firmly, but this is very demoralizing in the case of the last of a flight in the dark, when there don't happen to be any step there.

The anxiety of a Western editor as to who are paying the national debt, is only equalled by his earnestness to know when his delinquent subscribers are going to pay theirs.

Vegetarians and herbists have not got a good cause. It is well known that even rats and mice occasionally suffer terribly from "cat nip," though it is usually looked upon as healthy.

As a test of the quickness of perception in a boy, trying him in history or the rules of numbers, will not produce so electrical or ready an effect as feeding his spreading mind on the mysteries of some game of cards.

Whisky has been known for the last nine hundred years, and some men on learning this fact see another cause of regret that the age of man has been so terribly cut down for the old Bible period of ten centuries for life.

Flotsam and jetsam, in maritime law, refer to articles "cast up by the sea." Thus in taking an ocean voyage the unfortunate sufferer bent over the bulwarks, may console himself with the reflection that he is at least doing it according to legal precedent.

At the mountain pleasure resorts, when they want to "get high," the young men don't, as might be expected, climb to the highest peak. On the contrary, they rely on the old and never failing method of looking up through the bottom of a tumbler.

The lilies of the valley alluded to by Solomon are dissimilar in many respects, but a main point of difference between them and waltzes at summering places, is that they "toil not, neither do they spin," while just the opposite is the case with the dancers.

It is said that there are fertile tracts in South America large enough to receive and support the whole population of the North. It is well to know this, for there seems a prospect of "My Grandfather's Clock" retaining its musical popularity for the next ninety years at least.

There is something in marriage that enables the mind to take larger, broader views of duty, and life generally. Under this rule the fact of girls, whom nothing but a number two could satisfy single, being only too willing and anxious to use a number seven in the double state, is made quite clear.

Edison's new invention, the tasimeter, measures pressure. He applied one, the other moonlight night, to the front gate of a man with a pretty daughter, and an examination of the register next morning showed that some three hundred pounds had been present for four hours on a stretch.

The poet who first wrote *nil desperandum*—never despair—would have discovered the futility of his recommendation if he had tried to sleep some morning in the face of a determined fly's desires to the contrary. He would certainly have added a saving clause, acknowledging that one might very properly despair of success in seeking a nap under such circumstances.

These cool nights have a depressing effect on the language of love. When just now Augustus says to Angelina, beneath the soft beams of the silvery moon: "Thou art cold, my heart's darling!" the remark is rather based on the lady's attack of influenza, as shown in an abnormal desire to wipe her nose, than her manifest lack of sentiment or passion.

The slightest action of the human form illustrates some great scientific truth. Even in the raising of a glass of beer to the lips there is a certain expenditure of energy or vital force which must be accounted for in the balance of creation. The drinker, however, seldom thinks of this, being more absorbed considering whether it was drawn direct from the keg, or out of a pump.

In some weddings, tears—usually called of joy—are quite common. They start with the bride, extend to her family, and wind up by including everybody except the groom. He never weeps. There is no instance recorded in history where the husband cried—at the wedding. But Nature, both in fact and fiction, is generally supposed to make all things even at last, and there is very little reason for doubting, sooner or later, his turn comes.

Now that the Berlin treaty is signed, it is as well to remark the astonishing backwardness of Russia when Beaconsfield first proposed to treat. We believe we speak for the aggregate American nation when we say that, if under similar circumstances a man of the known wealth and position of the English premier had considered a disputed question with us worth treating about, there is not a man who would not have nominated this tipple on the instant, at the very first invitation.

CHAMPS, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa and Dysentery are speedily cured by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It removes all soreness of the Bowels, quiets the Stomach, and restores its natural action. As a family remedy for many Affections of the Bowels prevalent among children and adults in the Summer months, it is especially recommended, being prompt in its operation, perfectly safe, and easily administered.

MEMORIES.

When the gray twilight softly spreads
Her robe o'er earth and sky:
When the far mountains' scraggy heads
Are lost to human eye:

When the tired bird at eve hath sought
Sleep in the tuneless bower;
When the last bee wings homeward, fraught
With forage from the flower;

When the dark pinewood dimly shows
Its deepening tints of green;
When in the West with crimson glows
The sunset's closing scene—

I watch the glimmering shadows kiss
The threshold of the night,
And o'er my heart a soothing bliss
Falls in the waning light;

And grosser thoughts that sternly cling
To Life's dull sober day,
Leave me, as swallows on the wing
Flit from our sight away.

And, soft as ripple on the lake,
Within my bosom rise
Half-whispered yearnings, that awake
A thousand memories—

Sweet memories, that only come
To woo my waking dreams,
When twilight shrouds the woodland dumb,
And slumbers on the streams—

Of faces that I loved of yore,
And songs the loved ones sang,
And children's voices, heard no more,
That through the green wood rang.

O spirit treasures, ye are mine,
And to my heart belong,
Yet linger not till I repine,
Or sing a sadder song:

But leave me while I still have power
To catch the sunny glow
Wafted from Memory's blissful bower—
The shrine of Long Ago.

The Beauty in the Wood.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

"Jacques, my good fellow, this last mile has been perfectly intolerable. If you do not reach your much-boasted hostelry soon, not only my horse, but I, myself, shall be utterly exhausted from my wound," and the speaker grew a shade whiter and reeled forward in his saddle as he spoke.

It was nearly the close of a sultry September day, and the sun was sinking, like a ball of fire, behind the distant mountains in upper Lorraine. The riders had been in the saddle for many hours, but one of them, a middle-aged, sturdy-looking peasant, seemed hardly the worse for the fatigue. His companion was a tall man, young and handsome. He wore a military dress, and carried a small case, much resembling a despatch-box, slung in front of his saddle. He looked like an Englishman, with his blonde beard and deep blue eyes; but his dashing, soldierly seat in the saddle had been learned in many a wild charge over the battle-field.

Even Jacques' stolid soul was not proof against the testimony of the grey pallor of his master's face. He saw plainly that faintness was overcoming him. Jacques' hands went up in an invocation to his patron saint.

"There is one place not more than two miles off where perhaps I could take m'sieu; but there are difficulties. It is a place where no one goes—indeed, they say that Mere Margot is an old witch, although she is related to me—the Madonna defend us! But if m'sieu will promise on his sacred word as a gentleman never to reveal that he has been there, or that I took him——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the other, impatiently, "anything that you will; but, for heaven's sake, lead the way."

"Very well; but if m'sieu is going to the chateau he must turn out of the high way and go direct into the forest."

"Have I not told you to lead the way?" said the other. Then, less impatiently, "A chateau, Jacques? I think that the farther you and I keep from chateaux in this part of Lorraine the better for the safety of our necks."

"Ah, but m'sieu mistakes," said Jacques, eagerly. "They belong to the French noblesse, these d'Orvales. It is a singular family; but the last Baron fell at Sedan for France, m'sieu, and a daughter alone is left."

"Why, then, need you make so much fuss about seeking its refuge. Surely one may crave a night's lodging, and that of necessity?"

"Evidently monsieur does not comprehend; the chateau is haunted by evil things. Nothing flourishes there; all goes to decay; the families about it will not visit it. And Margot! ah, she has a tongue! but I think she will admit me because she is great-aunt to my wife's cousin. Look there, m'sieu; you can see the chateau."

"It's almost equal to a palace of the fairy tales," said the young man, aloud, speaking in English. "If it were not for my nineteenth-century incredulity, I might say that it held the sleeping Princess the Wood."

Riding up to the wall of the place, and getting over the tangled mass of grass and over grown weeds as they best could, Jacques peered in all directions for an entrance, and found it.

"Here is the gate, m'sieu; but it is locked. Blessed St. Jean! we cannot climb these iron railings. What is to be done?"

Upon which helpless question, the stranger impatiently seized the half hidden handle of a bell, and sounded a loud peal. Before its echoes had died away, a voice rose behind them.

"Be off! What dost thou want? We can have no stragglers about the chateau d'Orvale." Just beyond the gate stood an old, withered-up woman. She looked like a bit of a vixen, but yet her black, bead-like eyes had a gleam in them that was not altogether unkindly; on her arm was a basket half-full of wood, which she had evidently been gathering.

"La Mere Margot," began Jacques, removing his hat, and speaking in a conciliatory tone, "I am Jacques Virot; dost thou not remember? M'sieur, here, is ill, and unable to proceed even as far as St. Etienne. For old acquaintance sake, Mere Margot, give us shelter for to-night. I—" The stranger cut short the harangue.

"I have been wounded, good mother," said he. "But I am fully able to pay for your hospitality; though I will not offend you by offering money, knowing the hospitable reputation of the d'Orvales."

Just then, a clear, bird-like voice was heard humming a song upon the other side of the gate. Margot gave an uneasy glance in the direction whence it came.

"I tell you, sir, we can't shelter you," she said, "Jacques Virot, begone. How dare you come here; don't you know this place is sacred?"

Lifting her hands to enforce obedience, the stranger, utterly exhausted, fell heavily to the ground. At the same moment the gate was opened, and a slight, beautiful girl appeared.

Inspiration seized on Jacques. He resolved to appeal to her.

"For the love of Heaven, Mam'selle la Baronne, let me carry him in! If he has not some brandy and his wound is not dressed, he will die. See, he has fainted!"

"He will not die," said the little Baronne, nodding her head, after long scrutiny of the senseless form in Jacques' arms. "But he will be company for me, and I am tired of the loneliness. Margot, tell Jean-Marie to come here, and help carry him in to the chateau."

She gave the order in cold, imperious tones, very singular in one so young as seventeen. Jacques looked at her in open-mouthed admiration. Margot began to grumble; but the baronne quietly repeated her order, and Margot hobbled off, scolding as she went.

When he came out of his long swoon, he opened his eyes upon surroundings that, at first, completely bewildered him. He lay upon a wide sofa, in the centre of a large, gloomy-looking salon; Jacques was bending over him; and an old man, who kept up an incessant talking, in a species of monotone, was applying some sort of cooling lotion to his shoulder—Jean Marie, no doubt. As his senses came back, his eyes lingered long and wonderingly upon the huge old fireplace, where a handful of wood was burning, and in front of which sat a strange, lovely figure. She was sitting with her head resting upon her hand; but when the sick man spoke, she rose and came toward him.

"He has blue eyes," she murmured to herself, in the amazed tone of a discoverer. "I did not think they would be so handsome."

"I speak French," said he, unable to help a boyish blush at his remark.

"Very good," she said, blushing too, but not allowing herself to be disturbed. "I never saw blue eyes before; all the peasants have black ones. I thought you spoke only German. Are you a Prussian?"

"I am an Englishman, but my mother was French, and all my sympathies are with the French. My name is Henry Arthur Livingston. Have I not the honor of addressing the Baronne d'Orvale?"

"I am Lucille d'Orvale," she said, simply. "I am glad you came—you will be a companion for me. I am tired of this lonely chateau, with only Jean-Marie and Margot to talk to—except my pigeons."

But on some little further conversation, the traveller began to look very pale and exhausted, and Lucille wished him good-night. Margot came in, very cross, and said that the gentleman's bed was ready, and that he had better go to it.

In the morning Harry Livingston found himself too ill to move; the wound had been too long without attention, and his ride had aggravated it terribly. Jacques went over to St. Etienne, and brought from thence the only doctor that the little village could boast; but he proved equal to the emergency. Being too cautious to use many medicines, he confined himself to keeping down the fever which threatened Livingston; and nature, left to herself, brought the patient through in safety in the course of a few days. The doctor's sister, a benevolent middle-aged dame, came over often, and gave much countenance to the young Baronne. After that came the days of convalescence, weary enough they would have been to the sick young man but for his little hostess who he had begun to observe with more than friendly eyes.

One day he was awakened from a pleasant sleep by a terrified whisper. "M'sieu, m'sieu, awake, for the love of heaven! They are here; they have surrounded the chateau; fly, m'sieu, while you can."

Livingston started up, to see the terrified face of Jacques bending over him. "They! who?" demanded he, instinctively snatching his pistols from the case where they lay, already loaded.

"The Uhlans, m'sieu; a whole company of the devil's own brood," whispered Jacques, fiercely. "This way; quick!"

He caught hold of Livingston's arm to guide him down the dark passage to a back staircase; by which, gaining the kitchen, he hoped to escape. But he had hardly reached it, when Livingston stopped short.

"Hold a moment, Jacques," he whispered, hurriedly. "Wait for me here, five minutes, and then if you hear them coming, fly without me. I must see the Baronne."

Livingston turned to go up the turret-stair, one wild impulse in his heart. What! leave her here in the power of the Prussian troopers! Better die with his sword in his hand, defending her.

His hand touched the handle of the door of the turret-chamber. He rapped softly; there was no answer. He waited an instant; could she have left the room, and be, even now, a prisoner? The thought was agony; he tried the door with greater force—it gave way under his hand, and he crossed the threshold.

There was some light in the room; it came from a lamp which hung on a bracket on the wall. Directly beneath the light, on a small sofa, lay Lucille asleep. One little hand pressed the soft white cheek, the golden hair lay in bright masses on her neck, and streamed over the dingy damask covering of the sofa—just the fairest, purest vision that man ever beheld, made all the fairer for her strange surroundings. With a noiseless step, Livingston crossed the floor and bent over her, lower, lower, till a tress of the bright hair touched his hand, the impulse had scarcely time to form itself into a thought, when a tender, passionate kiss fell gently on the lovely lips, and with a slight start, Lucille awoke.

She rose up. Livingston clasped her hands and knelt at her feet. He told her in hurried words of the danger; he urged her to trust to his protection as she would to that of her father, and fly with him.

She was frightened. "Oh, take me away, Henri, to your own land. I am afraid no more of your ice and snow; you will be there and Lucille happy."

A distant noise betrayed the present danger. Livingston sprang to his feet so suddenly that pain wrung a faint groan from his lips.

"What is it, Henri?" she asked, in alarm. In a low, hasty whisper he begged of her to be still. Was there any place of concealment near? was——

Hark! a rushing step upon the stairs, voices, and hard raps upon the door. Livingston lifted his pistol; but quick as light, Lucille thrust him on the sofa behind her, and stood erect and pale, facing the intruders. Just for the moment her defender, utterly weak, could not rise.

"Hold!" she cried, as the fearless courage of her long line of warlike ancestors shone in every line of the girl's face, and made the foremost soldier pause, involuntarily. "Who *dares* enter the Chateau d'Orvale unbidden, and with drawn sabres? Do the Prussians war with women?"

"Ma foi, mademoiselle, the Prussians may; but we do not," said a respectful voice in French, as a young officer forced his way through the foremost of his men and doffed his plumed casquette to her with courtly grace. "This is the second time to-day that our helmets have gained us the unenviable distinction of being Prussians. We are a company of French cuirassiers en route—Henri, mon brave, is it thee!—what dost thee here?" broke off the officer in utter surprise. And, to the no less intense surprise of Lucille, she saw the Frenchman clasp him enthusiastically.

"Tranquilize thyself, mon ami," cried Harry, laughing. "I have a lame shoulder, Adolphe, and thou hast a veritable bear's hug. Let me present you to Mademoiselle la Baronne d'Orvale; Mademoiselle, this is Captain Adolphe De Montaign, a life-long friend."

"I must implore pardon of Mademoiselle la Baronne for my intrusion," said the captain; "but we found the chateau entirely empty, and my men were anxious to explore it. I trust you will accept a thousand apologies; it only remains for me to take my leave of Mademoiselle."

"Monsieur is pardoned," said the lovely young chatelaine, extending her hand; "but surely you will not depart thus! Here is Monsieur Henri, who——" but a burning blush covered her face as she caught Livingston's eye, and she paused in a confusion that was all the deeper for its novelty.

Livingston came to her rescue and advised De Montaign to let his men bivouac at St. Etienne, while he stayed the night at the chateau. De Montaign accepted the invitation with alacrity; and when he retired to arrange his dress before supper; he laughingly assured Livingston that he should not at all object to a wound, provided so lovely a physician could fall to his lot.

But Livingston's wound proved no sinecure; for after the surrender of Bazaine at Metz, he found himself still too disabled to join his regiment. It promised to be rather a long affair of sickness, possibly through neglect of the wound at first, and Livingston resigned his commission.

He had to resign the hospitality of the chateau as well, for a gouvernante came there for mademoiselle, and enforced propriety. It did not matter, Livingston laughingly said; it would not be for long; once let him get strong, and then——

And then, when that desirable end was accomplished, and he could stand straight and well again, a quiet ceremony was performed in the chateau chaped by the old cure of St. Etienne; and Henry Livingston carried away the Baronne from poor distracted France to his own domains in his own land.

The Strawberry Girl.

BY A. W.

The rain came down in torrents. The lightning blazed, the thunder crashed, the wind blew a tornado. Neither I nor my horses had ever been out in such a storm.

I was, at that time, a young man of twenty-one, who had just been admitted to the bar, and was now at the country seat I had inherited.

Suddenly I heard a childish voice, as if in distress.

I pulled up, and looked around. Under a tree, at the roadside, where she sought shelter from the storm, was a little girl about ten years old—the most beautiful child I had ever seen. She had been out after wild strawberries.

I threw the reins to my groom, and jumped down.

"Please, sir, won't you take me home?" piped the little voice, her big, brown eyes looking at me, half shyly, yet courageously.

If there had been such a thing as falling in love with a child of that age, I should have lost my heart then and there, she looked so arch and bewitching.

I soon had her in my phaeton, promising to take her home.

She was on a visit, with her aunt, she said, "at the Crown Hotel on the hill;" a favorite resort, as I knew, for citizens spending their summers in my part of the country.

Her shyness soon wore off, and she chatted away as if she had known me for years. She was still rattling on, when we drew up at the hotel, and her aunt, in a great fright, came out to receive her. As the rain was pouring down, and as there was no cover to my phaeton, I did not stop to listen to the profuse thanks, but drove swiftly down the hill and homeward.

It was not till the hotel was out of sight, that I remembered I had not asked the name of my little strawberry girl; and when, the next day, I rode over to inquire if she had caught cold, I found she had left for the city, her aunt having received an unexpected summons home.

Seven years passed. Gradually the memory of the little strawberry girl drew dimmer.

I went abroad, visiting every capital of Europe, spending a winter up the Nile, and dreaming away a month by the famed waters of Damascus.

On my return I grew absorbed in my profession. So I had but small leisure for idle fancies. Yet the face of my favorite would continually come up to me. I had never seen it since that day; but I knew that if I did, I should recognize it among a thousand.

One winter, worn down by excessive labor, I took a trip to Ireland. The return voyage was very rough, and there were few passengers on deck. I was leaning over the rail, not far from the stern, when I heard a splash, and simultaneously the awful cry, "A man overboard!"

I looked down. A little head was disappearing in the water about midships; whoever had fallen, had fallen so close to the wheel, that he had probably been killed by the paddles; but a woman's wild scream, "My boy, my boy!" ringing out sharp and shrill, and with such agony, made me disregard all this, and I plunged in.

I remember going down, down, down through the dark water, while just below me an indistinct object, which I knew to be the child, kept sinking and sinking, ever beyond my reach. But, with a sudden exertion, I got him at last, at arm's length, and held him there, while I used the other arm in swimming.

Up and up we went; it seemed interminably. Suddenly, the light grew brighter, and we shot into the blessed sunshine.

But just then I felt his arms, in a death-grip, twine around my throat; and down we sank, like lead, hope, and thought, and memory leaving me together.

My next recollection—and it is but a faint one—is of being lifted over the side of the vessel, and seeing a crowd of awe-struck faces look at me as I was borne past. It was but for a second, when I again became insensible.

But among those faces was the one which had haunted me for years; the great, brown eyes, through their tears, beamed on me with infinite pity.

After that, for hours, all was blank.

The next thing I recall was hearing the surgeon of the steamer say, "He's coming round!"

Then pangs, as of entering a new existence, racked every nerve of my body. But I was able, after awhile, to sit up and hear congratulations on my escape, and praises of what was called my heroism. Soon after the mother herself came in leaving her darling for a moment.

The boy, it seems, had been playing just abaft the wheelhouse, when he had slipped and fallen overboard, no one knew exactly how.

The steamer, long before this, had reached the wharf, and most of the passengers had left.

When I crawled on deck, hoping to see again that face, I found no one but the family of the rescued boy, and even they were leaving.

In vain that evening, for I was still too weak to go ashore, I looked over the list of passengers, and cross-questioned the stewardess, seeking to identify the countenance I had recognized.

"There had been a dozen young ladies about the age I talked of," she said, "and she couldn't now even tell any of their names."

And so again I lost my little strawberry girl. I say again, for nothing could persuade me I had not seen her; and I was more than half convinced, too, that she had recognized me.

"There was a look on that face," I said to myself, "such as I would give worlds to be sure of; a look that a woman gives only——But, pshaw! what a fool I am!" I cried, breaking abruptly off.

Yet, for all that, cool headed as men called me, the vision of that face, and that look, would come back, till now I was thoroughly and hopelessly in love with what, if not my little strawberry girl, was a mere vision of the brain.

Two years later I was returning from a visit to Scotland.

The railroad train was behind time, and the engineer was running at his highest speed to recover lost ground.

The carriages jolted and bounced along, oscillating from side to side. We had just emerged from a tunnel, and were whirling round a turn between high rocks, when there was a crash as of two comets meeting, a thousand flashes of light in my brain, and then darkness and oblivion.

After that I remember nothing except a succession of the wildest dreams, in one of which the fair face of my longing came and kissed me, and of unmitigated sufferings.

At last, one day, I woke perfectly sane. In a dim way I was conscious of being in a large and elegant apartment, cool and airy even on that sultry summer noon.

I was too weak to rise. One of my arms was bandaged. My chest felt as if crushed in.

Feebly turning my head, though not without pain, I saw reading by the window a graceful, womanly figure.

The slight noise I made instantly attracted the reader's attention; she glanced hastily around, started up, and glided from the room. But not before I had recognized the face which had haunted me for years; the face which had looked out from the embers of the fire, which I had seen on board the steamer, and which had gazed on me with such ineffable pity in my dreams.

Immediately after, an elderly matron entered, whose dress and manner were those of a lady rather than of a mere nurse.

She came directly to the bed, lifting her finger on seeing I was about to speak.

"My niece told me you had wakened up," she said, in a soft, motherly voice. "The doctor said, last night, the crisis was passed. There, not a word yet; your life depends on silence. But I will tell you, or else I fear you won't go to sleep again, that you are with friends. I am Mrs. Burgoyne; this is my house, and you were providentially brought here from the scene of the accident close by. Your injuries are all doing well; with rest and perfect quiet you are sure to recover. And now try to sleep."

From that hour I mended rapidly. But I never saw the face I most wished to see.

Once or twice, early in the morning, I fancied I heard a strange voice whispering at the head of my bed, but I could never catch sight of the speaker.

At last came the day when I was allowed to rise; and from that day I counted the hours till I had the freedom of the parlor.

The first glance about the room, as I entered, showed me what I had waited for so long.

There, blushing and embarrassed, but more lovely than ever, was she who had crossed my path so romantically twice before.

"My niece, Miss Grayson," said Mrs. Burgoyne, little fancying all the introduction meant to me.

How beautiful she was! Just nineteen, with great brown eyes, a broad Greek brow, and that willowy figure, which the Arabs, in their oriental extravagance, compare to a palm tree.

When her first shyness wore off, I found she had rare gifts of mind, which had been cultivated to a high degree.

If ever there was a happy summer it was that.

When I was well enough, we rode, or drove, or walked together; at other times we read or talked, or she played or sang ballads for me.

In October I went to my own country house; but it was only to prepare it for her reception; and on Christmas Eve I took her to it, with the Christmas moon sparkling bright on the snow-clad hills around, and my soul full of "peace and goodwill to men."

"And so you wanted to find me, and educate me for your wife," she said to me, archly, the other day. "Well, I am educated, after a fashion, you see; and without any trouble to your High Mightiness. You thought I was poor, too; what a pity I am rich! Did I also think of you? How could a little girl forget such handsome horses, or their master? Everybody knew who you were, and talked of you. But, before the next winter, aunt moved away; and I never saw you again till I saw you on the steamer. When you leaped overboard in that brave way, I cried for very admiration! Yes! if you will make me confess, I loved you from that hour. You were my hero. But, as for kissing you, Sir Impudence, when you lay so ill we thought you were dying, why you know that it's the craziest and funniest delusion in the world."

She would deny that kiss, I believe, even at the stake.

But for all this, the truest, sunniest, darlingest wife that ever was, is my "Little Strawberry Girl."

FRUITFULNESS OF FISH.—It is well known that the fruitfulness of fish is enormous. As many as a quarter of a million of eggs have been found in a carp, seven millions in a sturgeon, nine millions in a codfish. Of course, what is an egg to-day is not necessarily a fish to-morrow, or the ocean would not be able to hold the herrings.

The Rights of Plant Life.

BY CELANIRE.

A wise man was walking in the woods, and paused to examine a flower.

"How pretty that is!" he said to himself. And then he seized the stem to break it off, but instead of doing so, he pulled the plant up, root and all.

"Oh dear!" he exclaimed, "I don't want so much as that." And he broke the flower off, but threw the rest of the plant carelessly from him.

Just then, a light wind stirred the trees, and they broke into a low rustle of talk. The wise man stopped to listen—for whoever will, can understand what the trees and grasses say, if he only listens with patience and tenderness in his heart—and this is what he heard:

"How selfish these mortals are!" a pine sapling was saying to his neighbor, a young chestnut tree. "Not content with snatching from a plant its one blossom, the glory of its life, they must needs tear up the plant itself, root and branch, and leave it to die."

"For my part," rejoined his companion, who was but a few inches above ground, "I often tremble lest I be torn from my home by some thoughtless mortal. I am in constant fear that I shall never live to bear any nuts."

"Alas!" sighed a hart's-tongue fern, "I am still worse off. I have given birth to quite a large family, and I thought they would grow up about me, to comfort my declining years. But so many have been torn up, for the sake of their beautiful fronds, that I shall soon be left without a single companion fern."

"I should like to know," grumbled a blackberry bush, "what right human beings have to take our leaves and fruit at all. No sooner have I adorned myself with ripe, juicy berries, than some boy comes along, and off they go into his mouth or basket."

"Gently, gently, my young friend," interrupted a venerable oak. "What would you have been to day if some one had not plucked your berries as soon as ripe? A miserable, puny plant, no doubt, whose strength would have been spent in nourishing your berries, until they withered and dried up from old age. Besides, in this world we must all help our fellow-creatures, and they have a right to expect whatever good we can give them."

"For my part," buzzed a fly that was circling lazily in the sunshine about the trees, "I should just like to know why plants were ever made at all."

"Why plants were ever made!" repeated the oak, with an indignant creak of his boughs. "To benefit other creatures, of course."

"But I don't see how," persisted the fly. "To be sure our friend here, the young chestnut, will some day bear nuts as delicious in their way as the fruit of the blackberry; the pine sapling bids fair to be a tall, well-shaped tree, for the carpenter's use; the fern at his feet can boast of having furnished many beautiful fronds to adorn the dwellings of men; and you, Sir Oak, who stand strong and beautiful in your old age, shelter many a life in your wide-stretched arms. But myriads of plants spring up, bear seeds, and die, yet seem to be of no such use."

"Not so," rejoined the old oak, somewhat appeased by this flattering speech. "Dame Nature hides many a great secret in the bosom of the most insignificant plants. Besides,"—and here he paused, as though lost in thought.

"Well!" buzzed the fly, impatiently. "Besides—what!"

"Besides," resumed the oak, with a confidential rustle of his leaves,—"well, I will tell you. Every plant in the world is of use, although the wise men are only beginning to find it out. Like you flies, we plants are scavengers."

"How absurd!" said the fly, with a buzz of incredulity (he would have laughed outright if he had known how.) "You plants can't fly about as we do, to look for food."

"No," answered the oak. "But our food, or at least part of it, comes to us. It is borne to us on the air, and is the foul gas breathed out by men and animals, and which, if inhaled again by them, would soon poison man and beast. When the sun shines on us we are very strong, strong enough to seize this foul air, cleanse it, and return it, pure and sweet, to the world."

"You plants are decidedly useful," buzzed the fly approvingly, "especially in sunshiny weather. But suppose there comes a rainy spell,—what then,—eh?"

"In that case," replied the oak, "we store up the moisture until it is needed by the world. Were it not for us plants, the rain would evaporate too quickly to be of much use. Moreover, we prevent the earth from being too much scorched in the hot sunshine by day, and also from being too rapidly cooled by radiation at night."

"Ah, I see. Thanks, thanks, my dear friend," rejoined the fly, with a buzz of gratitude. "So then, I suppose, when a man carelessly destroys a plant, he does wrong because he is robbing the world of just so much benefit. Is it not so?"

The oak swayed his branches thoughtfully to and fro, and rustled all over before he again spoke. Then he answered dreamily:

"No. There is a deeper reason yet. We are all—plants and animals and men—children of the one Father. Every living being is created free and equal with its fellows, and has a right to live—unless, indeed, its life is an injury to the world about it. And whoever, in mere wantonness, with no thought of benefitting the world, destroys a fellow-creature,—be it plant or animal or man—is both cruel and wicked."

"Hollos!" said the fly. "There goes a friend of mine. With your permission, I'll bid you good day, as I am growing quite dizzy with balancing myself in mid air." And he flew rapidly away.

"Only think," he buzzed in an undertone to his companion, "how stupid all these plants are! I asked that old oak tree there for a bit of information, and he has preached a regular sermon. Buzz-z-z-z! Let us get away from here."

Perhaps the oak felt rather hurt that his talk had been so little appreciated,—or perhaps it was because that just then the wind died away; but at all events, it was very still in the wood after that. Not a leaf stirred on even the tiniest plant, and the trees seemed to have relapsed into silence.

But the wise man who had been listening, walked with slow and thoughtful step out of the wood.

"With all my wisdom," he said, "this is to me a new and strange idea,—that plants, as well as men and animals, have rights which should be respected."

The common foible of women who have been handsome, is to forget that they are no longer so.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

REMOVING DYE STAINS.—A solution of common sodium sulphite will rapidly remove the stains of most of the aniline dyes from the hands.

MILK ADULTERATION.—Glycerine and water form the latest favorite adulteration of milk, as by these means the proper quantity of solid—the absence of which ordinarily, as compared with pure milk, betrays the aqueous admixture—is maintained. The fraud, however, has been detected, owing to the adulterated article not yielding the right amount of ash.

FECUNDITY OF THE QUEEN BEE.—In several different experiments made to find out how many eggs are daily deposited by the queen bee, it was discovered that she laid 1004 eggs in twenty-four hours, as the result of the first. In the second, she deposited on an average 1913 daily for the space of twenty days. In the third one, an average of 2400 a day was found for the same length of time. In the fourth, she deposited 821 in twenty-four hours.

PNEUMATIC ENGINES FOR STREET CARS.—The substitution of compressed air motors for horse power in street car traffic has for some time been under consideration in New York, and it is now claimed that the prospects of a successful issue are most satisfactory. An experimental car was run some time since, and behaved so well that one company proposes to dispense entirely with horse power on a portion of their road as soon as the necessary number of engines can be constructed.

SHRINKING OF TIRES WITH HOT WATER.—Hot water, instead of fire, is used on some of the Russian railways for shrinking tires. An iron tank one-fourth full of water is fixed near a stationary boiler, a steam pipe from which is led through it, capable of heating the water to 212° Fahr. Into this the tire is plunged by means of a portable crane, and after an immersion of from ten to fifteen minutes is taken out and immediately put on the wheel. This method of course secures absolute uniformity of temperature, which in the ordinary method of heating by fire is unattainable.

FUNGUS AND MOULD.—A correspondent recently asked for a simple and effectual remedy for fungus and mould in cellars. A German agricultural journal gives the following: Put some roll brimstone into a pan and set fire to it; close the doors, making the cellar as nearly air tight as possible for two or three hours, when the fungi will be destroyed and the mould dried up. Repeat this simple and inexpensive operation every two or three months, and you will have your cellar free from all parasitical growth.

SIMPLE PROTECTION AGAINST LIGHTNING.—A French agricultural paper states the discovery of an extremely simple and cheap means to protect houses from being struck by lightning. This consists merely of bundles of straw attached to sticks or broom handles, and placed on the roof of the house in an upright position. The first trials of the simple apparatus were made at Tarbes in that country, by some intelligent agriculturists, and the results were so satisfactory that soon after eighteen communes of the Tarbes district provided all their houses with these bundles of straw, since which time there have been no accidents from lightning in the district.

THE UPAS TREE.—The mistaken notion that long connected the power of killing every form of life near it with the upas tree, arose from the fact that the tree occasionally grows in low valleys, in Java, rendered unwholesome by an escape of carbonic acid gas from crevices in the ground, and emitted in such quantities as to be fatal to animals that approach too near. These poisonous valleys are connected with the numerous volcanoes of the island. Sulphurous vapors are sometimes given off in such abundance from the craters of some of these volcanoes as to kill a great many tigers, birds and insects, while in some cases the rivers and lakes are so charged with sulphuric acid that no fish can exist in them.

BOXING THE EARS.—An eminent English physician says: "Severe ear troubles, and not unfrequently death, have resulted from this form of punishment, which is a favorite with many teachers. The drumhead may in many healthy children be easily ruptured by a very slight concussion, and in cases which have recently undergone the ordeal of scarlet fever or measles, the drum membrane is peculiarly liable to laceration. Other injuries may also result to the delicate organ, and I have only to day seen the case of a boy with an abscess in the ear passage, who had suffered incessantly for three months, after having been struck by his teacher. These cases might be multiplied indefinitely, and an occasional inquest lends point to the tale."

FEMININITIES.

The maiden's blush is Nature's signal of warning.

When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom.

Mrs. Sherman dresses the most gorgeously of any of the cabinet ladies.

The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense, is to address her as such.

If there is anything in this world of a more uncertain tenure than a minister's salary, it is a woman's thimble.

A young man from a neighboring town broke off an engagement because the girl named her pet calf after him.

Women will not hold offices in the Episcopal Church hereafter, as they must be twenty-five years old before they are allowed to do so.

In speaking of a baby, ladies often exclaim: "Oh! isn't it too sweet for anything?" This is a mistake. No baby is too sweet for paregoric.

A woman in Baltimore committed suicide the other day, leaving a letter to her husband asking him to let her be buried in her blue suit.

When a man returns home at night and kisses his wife with more than ordinary tenderness, she may be pretty certain that he has been into mischief.

If you want to have a man for your friend, never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudice of womankind.

A lady was met on the street the other day, who complained bitterly that her dress was so tight that she couldn't walk fast enough to escape an approaching storm.

In China girls are considered of so little consequence that their parents do not name them, but designate them by a number. Thus, first daughter, second daughter, and so on.

Some crusty, rusty, musty, fusty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration: "Our fire engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted."

There is probably not a woman in all this broad, sunny land of ours who doesn't think that the carving fork was made for the express purpose of pulling corks off bluing bottles and lifting stove lids.

In England a married woman can not pay a tax, or rent a house, or do anything independent of her husband. Single women who pay taxes, however, can vote at local elections the same as men.

She (bewitchingly): "Oh, I'm so glad you're going to see me to my carriage, Mr. Brown!" He (flattered): "Indeed; and may I ask why?" She: "Oh, because the girls are so jealous, and I want to prove that I do not monopolize all the good-looking men." Brown satisfied, but not so happy as he expected to be.

In a communication to a New York paper, an eminent lady writes: "Women outnumber men three to one in heaven, and in the same proportion men outnumber women in the other places." She shouldn't thus expose the secrets of the other world. She will have all the women striving to go where there are the most men.

A fair and buxom New England widow, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman, who, in his younger days, had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dear departeds. After contemplating them in mournful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah! James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

It is recorded that the only daughter of a famous Arab chief came weeping to him on the third day after her marriage, to complain that her husband had struck her on the face. "What cheek did he smite?" asked the venerable parent. "The left," answered the injured bride, through her tears. "Good," said the sympathizing father, administering a tremendous slap to her right cheek; "this makes all even again. Go tell thy husband that if he has buffeted my daughter, I have buffeted his wife."

WISH-DAY.

There is a certain day in the year which is wish-day. Perhaps I should say there is a certain hour of a certain day of a certain month in the year that is wish-hour.

Children then have only to wish for something, and the fairies grant it. It is an ancient custom kept up by the fairies for the sake of good old times when they were on earth, and had their revels with the little lads and lasses on it. Sometimes the fairies grant the children only what is good for them, but sometimes, out of mischief, they grant them their wishes, be they good or hurtful.

I cannot tell you the exact day that is wish-day, but I know it is in summer—right in the heart of summer, when all the cultivated roses are blooming in the garden, and the wild roses star the shady woods. And the hour is at sunrise. That is the reason why very few children have ever found out the secret of wish-day; for most little people have their eyes tight shut up in sleep when the sun, pushing back the clouds and leaping into the sky, drives darkness before him as though it were a very naughty child caught at mischief.

A long time ago there were three children whose names were Blanche, George and Alice. Blanche was just eight, George was six, and Alice five. They had a baby-brother, too, but at the time of our story he was very ill—so ill that their mamma and nurse kept watch over him all day and night, and the mamma prayed to good God not to let Death carry her babe away in his arms.

When nurse said good-night to the children after putting them to bed one evening, she bade them be very good, as she was not going to sleep in the nursery with them, but must watch all night by baby's cot.

As soon as she had left the room little Alice raised her head from the pillow.

"Do you know what to-morrow is?" she whispered.

"To-morrow is Tuesday," said George; everybody knows that."

"Ah! but that's not it. To-morrow is a wonderful day. To-morrow is wish-day, and we can see the fairies if we get up at sunrise, and they'll give us what we ask them."

"How do you know?" said Blanche, inquisitively.

"Nurse told me," answered Alice.

"Hurrah! I'll get up in time—I know what I'll ask for," cried George, with a flourish of his heels in the air.

"What will you ask for?" cried Blanche and Alice together.

"That's a secret I won't tell," answered George, in a voice big with mystery.

"I'll get up in time too," said Blanche; "and I know what I'll ask for, but I won't tell. It's a secret too."

"I'll ask for ten, twenty, a hundred things!" cried little Alice, clapping her hands.

"You must not be a greedy little girl or the fairies won't give you anything at all," said Blanche, who never forgot that she was the eldest, and liked to lecture the others a little."

"We mustn't go to sleep all night," said George, with determination. "By-and-by, if nurse don't come in again, I'll get up and dress myself."

"No, we must not go to sleep, or we would never wake up in time," agreed Blanche.

"I'll keep my fingers inside my eyes to prevent them from closing!" exclaimed Alice.

Then the children agreed that they would steal out of the nursery while it was dark, and go downstairs and sit in the great window of the hall looking towards the place where their mamma told them the sun rose every morning.

And all the time, as they chatted, the baby-brother far away wailed a little hopeless cry of pain. Alice longed to get up and nurse him—she wondered if he looked pale instead of rosy and chubby. She had not seen him for three days, ever since he had fallen ill.

The children tried very hard to keep awake, but after awhile the deep, regular breathing from George's bed told that he was sound asleep; then Blanche followed with her deep breathing, and soon after Alice's hand fell away from her eyes, their lids closed, and the children slept, and I am not sure that they dreamt even of the fairies and wish-day.

Suddenly Alice awoke.

It was dark, all save one faint streak of light that came stealing in like the ghost of day through a slit in the curtain. How silent all was, except for Blanche's and George's deep breathing close by, and the distant moan of baby-brother. All at once she remembered it was wish-day. Down she scrambled from her cot, and jumping from George's bed to Blanche's, began tugging at their bed clothes and thumping their little noses with her fat fists.

"Awake, awake!" she cried. "It's wish-day, and the fairies are soon coming."

How Blanche and George rubbed their eyes and jumped out of bed in a minute, and then the three children in their night gowns stole downstairs so softly—so softly. They were in time; the sun had not yet risen, but that part of the sky he was coming to was the color of yellow daffodils, and right in the middle shone a star like a big drop of dew. Down in the garden, dew lay on the grass, and the children dimly saw the roses on the bushes, and the silver vapor between the trees. Now that they were come, they felt a little frightened, and huddled up close to each other in the big bay window, for, though they had heard a great deal of the fairies, they had never seen one yet. All at once—how she came there, who could tell? down from the clouds, or up from the ground, through the window, or by the chimney? there stood right before them the queerest little fairy you can imagine, with a pointed hat, a pointed nose, and a pointed chin, and black eyes that twinkled.

"So you three children have come to wish—got up early—earlier than usual. Hey! hey! hey!" she said, in a voice like the chirping of a bird, and wagging her head and thumping the ground with her wand. "And what do you wish for, hey? I'll not give you sugar-plums, so don't ask for them. Come, what do you wish for?"

But what with her asking the question so many times over, and nodding as she looked at them with her funny sparkling black eyes, and remembering she was a fairy, the children could not say a single word.

"Hey! hey! can't say yet?" said the fairy; "well, never mind, you may think it over till the sun rises. I can't wait; it'll be up in five minutes, and I've got to go to China and Russia, to the equator, and the little Laplanders, so I'm in a hurry, and can't stand waiting here. Listen; you'll find three flowers, and each may take one and wish—mind what you wish! Good-bye!" and away she went; and although they were looking at her with all their eyes, not one of the children could say how the fairy had—head over heels, or with a hop and a jump, or sailing majestically off on a butterfly's back. She was gone—that was all they knew.

As soon as she had vanished, back came the children's wits, and they began to look about them for the three flowers, but no flowers could they find anywhere. On the old bench, however, close to the window, lay something they had never seen before. It was a golden veil. They came near, and it did not fade away. It lay on the dark, wooden bench like a cobweb woven of a sunbeam.

George was afraid to touch it, for it looked as though it would break or melt if breathed on; but little Alice put out her hand and lifted a corner with her tiny forefinger and thumb, and the children saw the three flowers fresh picked from Fairyland with its dew clinging to them still.

There was a rose with its petals curling closer and closer the nearer they were to its crimson heart; there was a yellow dahlia flaunting, bold and dazzling; and near it, half hidden by its leaves, was a violet.

The children gazed at the wonderful flowers that shone under the golden veil. Would they guess the secret between them and the fairies, I should like to know?

"That's a jolly dahlia," said George, with his head a little on one side, not, however, putting out his hand till he had given the matter more thought.

"But it has got no smell," said little Alice.

"What's the good of flowers smelling?" said George, grandly.

He always spoke in a superior way to his sisters.

"I like dahlias—they hold up their heads and make a show. They don't go skulking under their leaves like the violet, as if they were ashamed of themselves, and they are better than roses—they've got no thorns. You don't want to prick your hands when you go to pick them."

"That's because you are clumsy, and don't look where you put your fingers," said Blanche. "I never prick my fingers, because I look where I put them. Roses are the prettiest flowers of all; everybody stops to look at and smell them, and children are not allowed to pluck them without permission."

"I like the violet best," said Alice; "they grow in the woods, and little children can pick them."

"Let's choose!" said George, in a roaring tone; "girls are such slow coaches; the sun will be up in a minute: I'm the boy, so I'll choose first."

"But I'm the oldest," said Blanche, tossing her head up very high. "I must wish first. I take the rose, and I wish to be the prettiest girl in all the town, and to have the most beautiful dresses with long trains to them, like Cinderella at the ball."

"Pooh, what a silly wish!" cried George. "It's my turn now, and I choose the dahlia, and I wish to ride papa's black horse that kicks and rears when anyone but papa mounts him."

"I wish my baby-brother to get quite well," said Alice, taking up the violet.

That instant a sunbeam passed through the window and touched Alice. It lay on her head, and rested there just a minute, lying like a radiant hand upon it. In the twinkle of an eye all vanished—the golden veil from the bench, the rose out of Blanche's hand, the dahlia out of George's, the violet out of Alice's—all were gone. The sun had risen, and the wish-hour was over.

Then the children stole back to the nursery. They told no one what had happened, but during breakfast and lessons they thought of nothing else. They were bid to keep very quiet, for baby-brother was asleep now, and his restless moan was no longer heard through the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Second Love.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

"Isn't she lovely?"

Tom Charlesworth spoke enthusiastically, with a vivid brightening of his dark grey eye and a singular softness in his voice. His was a nature not often stirred, but very deep and earnest; and Fernand Wallace looked into his face and wondered, with a half smile, how it would seem to feel things below the mere surface depth.

He was very handsome, this Fernand Wallace, with soft, treacherous eyes, features like the Apollo Belvidere, and a lute-sweet voice; and Tom Charlesworth, who read every one according to the key-note of his own noble nature loved him as if they had been brothers.

"She's well enough," said Wallace, debonairly. "Nose just a trifle too short, and the lips too full, but otherwise what the world calls beautiful. So you're hard hit, my boy, eh?"

"I love her dearly," said Tom, in the quiet, unimpassioned voice that meant so much; "and, God willing, I will be a good husband to her; and you'd better remain to be my best man. It's hardly worth while to return to Exeter for three weeks."

"Well, perhaps you're right, old fellow," said Fernand Wallace; but any one a trifle more observant than Tom, would have noticed that the handsome, restless eyes evaded his gaze with strange subtlety.

"Do you hear, Elise!" said Charlesworth exultantly. "Fernand will stay to the wedding. I knew we should persuade him!"

Elise Mordaunt looked suddenly up from the fancy work with which she was idling mechanically, and something wild and piteous in her gaze attracted even Tom Charlesworth's attention.

"Elise, darling, are you ill?"

He was at her side in an instant, with both her hands in his.

Elise laughed, a little hysterically. She was a dark-eyed, brilliant little brunette, with blue black silky hair growing low on her forehead, and a small sensitive mouth like a crimson woodberry.

"No—what nonsense, Tom; I'm well enough. Don't get any absurd notions in your head."

The night before the wedding was frosty and star sprinkled, with a delicious air full of the aroma of withered ferns and fallen leaves; and Tom Charlesworth strode over the fields, whistling as he went, his heart brimming with the strange sweet sense of bliss that most lovers have felt once in a lifetime.

The little room where Elise was wont to sit of an evening was dark, and the window, looking on a border of gray-colored dahlias, was open. Tom leaned his elbows on the casement, and looked in.

"Elise—darling!"

But there was no answer. Elise was not there.

He went round to the orthodox entrance, feeling a little disappointed, he scarcely knew why. Mrs. Mordaunt met him in the hall, with a white, scared face.

"Oh, Mr. Charlesworth! we were just going to send for you!" she cried.

"To send for me!" Tom felt himself blanched to the very roots of his hair. "What has happened? Is—is Elise ill?"

Mrs. Mordaunt's lips trembled, but gave forth no sound, as she placed in Charlesworth's hands a note stained with her own tears—a brief note written by Elise:—

"Don't blame me, mamma, nor let *him* blame me, because I couldn't help loving Fernand the best. Tell him not to feel bad; for indeed, indeed, I was not worthy of his love, and he will be happier without me—poor Tom!"

And it was signed by the one word, "Elise."

Charlesworth quietly gave her back the note, and paring, walked forth into the starry silence of the night. No eyes but those of the All-Seeing should witness the secret anguish of his heart!

* * * * *

"Mother thought you would come, sir, if—if you knew how poor she was, and that father was dead, and——"

A burst of tears checked the child's voice as she stood with a drooping head, and hands tightly clasped together, in Mr. Charlesworth's library, the snow melting on her garments, and the crimson touch of the cold winter air glowing feverishly on her cheek.

"But, my child,"—and he looked at her with a puzzled face,—"you have not yet told me who your mother is, nor who you are."

"I am Margaret, and mamma is called Elise Wallace."

Mr. Charlesworth rose, and took the little child's hand in his.

"Come, child, take me to your home," was all that he said.

It was Elise—pale, sallow, and wan, the ghost of her former self, her voice interrupted by a hacking cough, her hands transparent and fever-hot—yet Elise still.

"You have forgiven me, Tom? Oh, Tom, I could not have died without your words of pardon!"

"I forgave you freely, Elise, long ago!"

"I have expiated my folly on the bitterest altar of repentance. Oh, Tom, he was a fiend in human shape!" she added shudderingly; "but now—"

She mutely motioned towards the scantily furnished room, the dying fire in the grate, and the child who stood shivering in her rags at the foot of the bed.

"It is not for myself," she faltered. "Heaven knows I have not long to suffer, and I am well insured to it; but my poor Margaret, what is to become of her?"

"Shall *I* take her, Elise?"

"For your own?"

"For my own." Tom answered quietly. "I have neither wife nor child; and for the sake of what you once were to me, Elise, I will love the child, and be kind to her."

Elise drew a long sigh of ineffable relief, as her fevered fingers closed on Charlesworth's palm.

"I can die in peace now."

When the sods had been laid upon poor Elise's coffin, Margaret came to Mr. Charlesworth's luxurious home, a shy, timid, shrinking child, with big, hare-like eyes, brown skin, and a nervous way of starting when any one spoke to her.

"Margaret," said he, stroking the jetty hair, "what shall I do with you?"

"I should like to go to school," she said wistfully, "and learn to be like other girls. Papa always spent all the money, and mamma never could send me."

"Well," said Mr. Charlesworth, "that's a very sensible idea of yours, do you know, little girl? To school you shall go."

Three years afterwards, Margaret came back as royally beautiful as Cleopatra. Mr. Charlesworth had sent a little brown girl to school, and, to his surprise, a radiant butterfly floated into his presence.

"My little girl," he said, fairly confounded and taken by surprise; "how lovely you are!"

"Am I?" said she demurely. "I am so glad!"

"Little vanity!"

"No," said Margaret, "I don't think it is altogether vanity; but you know I wanted you to love me."

"You're a foolish child," said Mr. Charlesworth a little sharply; "and you've no idea of what you are saying."

Margaret wondered what she had said to annoy her guardian, but let the matter drop; and the weeks and months went by, and the young girl became the very light and sunshine of Tom's life.

"Margaret," said Mr. Charlesworth one evening, "I have found a husband for you; what do you say?"

"That I will take him, sir, if he is the right one!" laughed the girl.

Tom felt a keen, strange pang at his heart, but he kept a brave countenance.

"Well, it is Harry Montague," he said, striving to speak cheerily.

"Tell him *no!*"

"You don't like him?"

"No, Mr. Charlesworth."

"But he is young and handsome."

"And the man I love is not young, and not *particularly* handsome."

"Margaret, are you in love?"

"Yes, Mr. Charlesworth," she said, a little saucily, "and so are you."

He winced. "You have no right, Margaret, to look into the sanctuary of my heart."

She came up to him, and putting both her hands on his shoulders, gazed with half smiling, half-tearful eyes into his face.

"But suppose, Mr. Charlesworth, I look into *my* heart, and see yours enthroned and enshadowed there?"

"What do you mean, Margaret?"

"Ah! you are not so accomplished a dissembler as you may suppose, sir," said the girl, nodding archly. "I have discovered that you love me, but you are too modest to fancy, until I tell you so, that——"

"That *what*, Margaret?" Pale and eager, he listened for the answer.

"That I love you! Oh, Mr. Charlesworth, my mother's treachery blighted your youth; let my love and affection atone, in this the golden prime of your days!"

Mr. Charlesworth felt like one in a dream.

"Margaret, are you to be my wife?"

"If you will have me!"

And thus Fernand Wallace's child gave back to Mr. Charlesworth the gift of love which her father's hand had ruthlessly plucked from his grasp twenty years before.

The Little Dressmaker.

BY A. L. S

She was very industrious and good-hearted, rather pretty too, with rosy cheeks, and a quick bright smile; and she worked so hard, poor little thing! She had no father; a drunken mother, who was married again; and a brother, who was generally out of work, but who lived with her in the little house (a shabby lodging) which she contrived to keep upon out of what she made by dressmaking.

She had worked all day—and nearly all night, many a time—for four years, and she was getting ill, and thin, and worn out.

"Oh, George!" she said to her brother, "I do so long to get into the country. I'm parched up here in town, and now spring's coming, and then summer. I shall feel it dreadful. It seems as if I never get any rest. I wish I worked for gentlefolks. You see those that I do for can't pay much."

"Miss Gordon is a lady, isn't she?" he asked.

"Yes; but she's poor. That's why I never charge her more than others. She's recommended me sometimes to gentlefolks, but they've been afraid to trust me with their things when they've seen the place. Oh! I would give anything to see the country," she added wistfully.

A week later, and George Mason got work in the country, and left his sister alone; and a fortnight later the brave little woman fell ill, and for many a week was confined to her bed with fever.

Lucy Gordon was walking slowly along in the summer sunshine, wishing she had a fortune, when she suddenly met her cousin, Edward Farnfield.

"Why, where have you been?" he asked.

"To my dressmaker," she answered laconically.

"Dressmaker!" he said scornfully; "you women are always thinking of your clothes, and going to your dressmakers." Mr. Farnfield affected to despise women, though he was privately of opinion that they admired him exceedingly. He was also of opinion that his cousin Lucy was decidedly sweet upon him, which highly amused that young lady.

She liked him, in a cousinly, unsentimental way. "But as for anything else, why, he's getting bald, and has a thick-set figure," she said to herself; "and then he thinks he's very profound, which he is not."

He, on his side, thought Lucy a nice sort of girl, but not at all clever. "And then, he would add with a sigh, "she talks such very small talk about people I do not know and things I do not care for," and he thought that he required a very intellectual woman, to find her companionable, all of which Lucy knew, and laughed at accordingly. So she was angry at his remark about her clothes, so she answered his lordship rather sharply:

"I have not been thinking about my clothes at all; I went to see her because she's been dreadfully ill, poor little thing!"

He felt slightly snubbed, and somehow the last three words had an interesting sound, so he asked in a meeker tone what had been the matter with her.

"Oh, she has been laid up with fever for weeks," Lucy answered, thankful to talk about her to some one—she had taken a fancy to Mary Mason's rosy cheeks months before, and when she was ill did her little best (it was because that best was so little that she was longing for a fortune when her cousin met her)—"and not had a friend to help her; and her machine is in pledge; and I don't believe she has had enough to eat even. She has only just left her sick bed, and is obliged to work already, and I'm sure it will kill her. She has such a terrible longing to go away into the country."

"Hasn't she any relations?"

"None she can go to, poor little thing! I don't believe she'll live; and she's not much older than I am;" and Lucy longed to cry, so prudently changed the conversation.

"I think it was praiseworthy to visit your dressmaker to-day," said Mr. Farnfield condescendingly, when he wished her good-bye. To her great surprise, she received a letter the next day, and on opening it a ten-dollar note fell out. This was what the letter said:

"DEAR LUCY,—If the enclosed will be of any use in getting your little dressmaker into the country, pray use it. You can pretend to give it to her yourself, or say some old woman gave it to you for her, or anything you like. Yours, &c.,

"E. F."

"You are a dear, kind old thing!" Lucy said, as she read the letter, and jumped for joy.

So Mary Mason was sent to spend a fortnight by the sea. She had so longed for the country, and dreaded the summer in the city, that it seemed a blessed thing to be at the Capes, listening to the splashing of the waves. If Edward Farnfield had seen the thin face gradually regaining the hue of health, and the sad eyes getting bright again, it would have given him such a thrill of pleasure, he would have thought it cheap at twice the money some generous impulse had prompted him to send. It turned the tide of her life, too, for during these happy midsummer days she made a conquest. The landlady of the house in which she rented a tiny room, had a handsome son, a hard-working young cabinet-maker, and when he saw the roses stealing back to Mary's cheeks, he fell in love with her, and in due time Mary went back to live among the pleasant fields and within sound of the splashing of the waves.

Lucy Gordon has a tall military looking husband, of whom she is amazingly fond, and three or four merry children, and she takes them all to the sea-shore, now and then, where they roll to their heart's content over the sand. She sees Mary Mason, and often has a chat with her; and then she thinks of her cousin, who is making a huge fortune out West, and wonders if he is balder, and dare say he is decidedly "podgy" by this time; and says to her husband, "I wonder people don't invest more money in human happiness. Only think of that ten! It made the entire life of the little dressmaker happy."

DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.—A bat has been found in limestone, opossums in slate, guinea pigs, rabbits, rats and beavers in limestone, the sloth, one fourteen feet long, in South America and in limestone caves. Bears, dogs, foxes, and wolves in diluvial soils and caves, hyenas and tigers in limestone caves and marl, the teeth of horses, elephants, rhinoceroses, hyenas, bears, wolves, tigers, &c., are found in masses in diluvial soils; oxen in peat bogs in several countries; deer and elks in peat bogs and marl pits, one six feet high and nine feet long was found in the Isle of Man, in marl, covered with sand, then peat, and then the vegetable soil. Rhinoceroses are found in every part of Europe and in the Arctic circle; the hippopotamus is found in England, France and Germany. Elephants, and animals much larger than elephants, called mammoths, have been found in Europe, America and Siberia. One found near Abingdon, now at Oxford, is sixteen feet high, and its bones were mixed with those of other large animals; another was found in Siberia in the ice, quite perfect in its flesh, skin, hair and eyes, with a long mane and tail of stiff black bristles, others have been found in Hudson's Bay.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

Words are oftener the substitute than the vehicle of thought.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in garments of light.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Cherish bounteously young shoots, for thorns and briers are but non-encouraged buds.

Argument in company is generally the worst sort of conversation, and in books the worst reading.

If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would be living upon the earth?

Nothing makes one so indifferent to the pin and mosquito thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

To work out our own contentment, we should labor not so much to increase our substance, as to moderate our desires.

We must not speak all that we know—that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks—otherwise it is knavery.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

If we wish our children to revere high things—things simple, and pure, and lovely, and of good report—we must set them the example.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth. We never see the stars till we can see little or naught else, and so it is with truth.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies; the other injures friends and foes alike.

Sincerity is speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.

None are too wise to be mistaken, but few are so wisely just as to acknowledge and correct their mistakes—especially mistakes of prejudice.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

The hard strata of circumstances through which one's life rill must filter and force its way, may make it purer and clearer, just as all hard strata are the filtering stones of water.

Compliments of congratulation are sure to be kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink and paper. We consider them as drafts upon good breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favor of the drawer.

Words are little things, but they strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like the sunshine, the dew, and drizzling rain; but when unfitly, like the frost, the hail, and the tempest.

When you hear an evil story of one you know to be good, discredit it, and say so. Grapes are not gathered from thistles; neither do thistles grow on a grape vine. The fruit tells you from what tree it came, but you also know what fruit a tree is likely to bear.

FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING TOMATOES.—A western paper says that ripe tomatoes can be kept fresh a year by immersing them, with the stems on, in brine made of a teacupful of salt to a gallon of water.

FATTENING PIGS—Fattening pigs should be pushed on as rapidly as possible before the cold weather. A pound of fat made now costs less than that made next month, and the latter costs less than the same amount made in December. Remember that the cold weather wastes fat.

GROUND FOR OATS.—Ground for oats should be fall plowed and left ridged, so that the cultivator or harrow may fit it for seeding in the early spring. The land for early potatoes should also be plowed and manured. Spread the manure upon the plowed ground and leave till spring; then plow it under.

THISTLES AND WEEDS.—Thistles and many other weeds may be destroyed by cutting just before or while in full bloom. They should be cut as closely as possible, and in the case of thistles, if cut just before a rain all the better, as the hollow stems will fill with water, which is said to rot the roots of the weed.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—What eats the Colorado potato beetle? Crows, quail, rose-breasted grosbeaks, ducks, chickens, Guinea fowls, skunks, toads, black snakes, grandaddy longlegs, yellow mites, ladybirds, rust-red social wasps, tiger beetles, ground beetles, soldier bugs, tachina flies, asilus flies. Cut this out and post it where you can see it, and don't destroy any such friends, for they destroy many other insects beside the potato bug.

IMPROVING THE GARDEN.—There is no season so favorable as autumn for making general improvements in the garden. American autumn weather is superb. Our springs are short, and yet quite long enough, for our spring weather is miserable—cold winds and rain, and mud and snow and sleet. All important changes in the garden should therefore be made in the pleasant dry weather of autumn. Dig up and put in order every vacant bed, as it will not only facilitate spring work, but do the soil good, and have a neater appearance than if it is left in a rough and weedy condition.

USE OF OLD TIN CANS.—A correspondent writes: "I make great use of old tin cans; persons with little means use their wits if they love flowers. Some of these cans I have painted on the outside, some I put common brick wrapping paper around, just pasting it on, and when several holes are put in the bottom, they answer very well. In some I put a hole near the top, and hang them on nails driven in the posts of the piazza, and plant drooping things, such as lobelia, sweet alyssum, ferns, etc., and they look very pretty. I cannot afford swinging brackets, but I make a very good bracket with a piece of a board.

STONES AS FERTILIZERS.—An experienced gardener says that a favorite flower-bed would be improved by a coating of gravel. We laughed at him, but he insisted that the action of the air and water decomposing the gravel would add those elements of fertility to the soil which it needed. As the original soil of the earth came from decomposed rocks, he had some show of reason for his opinion. Another said that stones help fertility in two ways—by attracting the heat of the sun during the day, and so quickening the growth, and by condensing moisture at night, thus serving as a protection against drouth.

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BY MRS. MOLLIE MITCHELL.

A world of bloom with roses aglow,
Sunlight of June on lea and heather;
Two loitering lovers who joyous go,
Conning the lesson of love together.

No mentor stern the sweet task metes,
Unknown to care each glad heart yet;
The greensward yields to their lightsome feet—
They're only learning life's alphabet.

Tripping o'er meadow land, rounding the mere,
Threading a bypath of days long flown—
Two hearts aflame with the joy so dear,
That to none but the soul of the lover is known.

Unnumbered, the eager winged moments fly;
Oh, happy, thrice happy the lovers twain!
Pale lilies nod as they saunter by,
And woodbirds pipe them a sweet refrain.

Over green hills where eglantines grow,
Down where a sylvan brook trickles along,
Through the wide pastures where meek cattle low—
Life seems for them but a pathway of song.

With joy let them gather the flowers of youth,
Soon they must follow life's sun to its rest,
And sadly awaken from sleep to the truth
That will prove false and frail what they once deemed the best.

Never a word should we whisper to darken
Love so encircled by Hope's rosy beams;
No; let them wander the green fields and hearken
The trill of the songbird, the bubble of streams.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. DALLAS'S HEIR.

The end that the old lady had been anticipating and preparing for was come, and Arthur was master of Whiteladies. He took his place in the house at once. There was no one to dispute his title, and the servants accepted him without the slightest hesitation. The letter which Mr. Montagu had showed him, and which that gentleman was going to receive from her again, had entirely disappeared; doubtless she had altered her mind about it and destroyed it.

No one had entered the room but Bellairs, and he had seen no such paper. He had touched nothing, he declared, not so much as a wafer. All he had done had been to lay his hand on his mistress's forehead, and finding it cold, to shout for assistance. The wastepaper basket had been emptied, but the housemaid could not remember exactly what kind of scraps there were in it. Some torn letters she was sure, but she did not take any particular notice.

Mr. Montagu and Arthur searched everywhere they could think of, but the fact was plain. The deceased lady had destroyed the letter, either with the intention of writing another or from having changed her mind.

Any way it did not alter the fact of her nephew's succession, and he thought no more about it. A week passed between the death of Mrs. Dallas and the funeral, and during that time Arthur had pretty well shaken down into his future place at Whiteladies.

The servants were told they might stay on if they liked, though it was a stretch of benignity on the young man's part to include Bellairs, whom he did not like, in the permission.

It was a relief for him to find that that respectable functionary had no desire to remain.

"I shall have no occasion to stay at Whiteladies in the capacity of a servant, Mr. Arthur!" he said, in a tone that made Arthur feel inclined to knock him down, it was so full of covert insolence.

"Indeed? I am afraid you will not stay in any other," he replied.

"There's no telling what may happen, sir. I am not thinking of taking service again."

"Oh, I see. Your wedding is coming off at last, is it? I hope you'll be happy and prosperous, Bellairs."

"I'm grateful for your good wishes, I'm sure, sir," the man returned, again with the provoking half sneer; "but I don't know that I'm thinking of marriage just now. At any rate, I shall wait till my beloved and respected mistress is in her grave."

"Good heavens, man, you didn't think I meant you were going to get married today, did you? I hope you won't be disappointed in the amount of the legacy you have been waiting for so long."

"I'm sure I shall not, sir. My dear mistress has been just to her faithful servant, I am sure. I am quite aware she has left me a small memento of her regard for me."

"You shouldn't have a farthing if I could help it, you harpy," said Arthur to himself, as Bellairs left the room.

The man's manner puzzled him not a little. He was excessively respectful, but with such impertinence concealed underneath his outward show of civility, that it was with the utmost difficulty that Arthur kept from quarreling with him.

"I can't make him out," he said to Mr. Montagu. "What has he got in his head?"

"Time will show!" the lawyer replied. "I'll give you a piece of advice concerning him, Arthur."

"What is it?"

"Get rid of him as soon as possible—have nothing to do with him that you can help. He is a dangerous fellow."

"He's a meddlesome and disagreeable one. However, he is going of his own will. He has no need to take service again, he says."

"The fates be praised, then nobody can be burdened with him. I wouldn't have him about me if he paid for his place."

The day of the funeral came, and there was a large gathering. Mrs. Dallas had not been looked upon as an amiable woman, and had been at feud with most of her neighbors about something or other, but her worth was recognized for all that, and many came to pay respect to her memory now she was dead, who had not a good word for her when she was alive. The poor came and followed humbly. They knew her worth if her equals did not, and many standing there in tearful reverence as the coffin went by were shedding sincere tears for the loss of their best friend.

Arthur was touched by the respect shown to the memory of his aunt, and, as he stood by the grave in his place as chief mourner, he inwardly vowed that he would do all that in him lay to keep that memory green, and to make Whiteladies all she loved to see it.

Even there, with the coffin at his feet, and the solemn words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," sounding in his ears, his thoughts flew far over the sea in a glad flash to Mabel.

It was so sweet to think that now he could go and fetch his darling home without any obstacles to bar the way to their happiness, and place her far above the reach of poverty and all the ills that follow in its train.

He was thinking of her when he reached the door of Whiteladies on their return.

He had not written to her yet to tell her of his aunt's death. He had purposely put it off till after the funeral, when he should be at leisure to tell her all that had happened, and to assure her that in a very few weeks, if her father could not bring her back to England, he should come himself and fetch her.

The voice of Bellairs in the hall now roused him from his reverie with a cold chill.

"Mr. Grigg is here, gentlemen!" he said, as he helped to remove their mourning cloaks.

"Mr. Grigg?"

"Yes, sir! In the library."

"And what the deuce does he want?" were the words that rose to Arthur Dallas's lips, and were only repressed with difficulty.

Somehow or other the man's name now gave him a shock.

He managed to speak calmly, however, and to ask if Bellairs had informed the gentleman that his presence there was inconvenient at that particular moment.

"It is business that has brought him, sir," said Bellairs, demurely. "Something connected with the will of my late respected mistress, I believe."

The lawyer and Arthur Dallas exchanged glances, and Mr. Montagu said quietly:

"We will see what Mr. Grigg wants directly. If he has any claim to be present, we must put up with him. If the servants are ready, Mr. Bellairs, the will can be read at once. They are all interested, down to the lowest in the house."

"I'm aware, sir, I'm aware!" Bellairs replied with the insufferable air of consequence that had so exasperated Arthur. "I will summon them."

"I shall never keep quiet till he is out of the house," Mr. Dallas said, shutting his teeth firmly. "I must thrash him."

"After the will is read, my dear boy," was the quiet reply. "Kick him out then by all means."

There were no relations save a couple of distant cousins to take any share of the money Mr. Dallas had left, and they were already in the library when the lawyer and Arthur entered arm-in arm.

The servants were all assembled, headed by Bellairs, in a new suit of black, and Mr. Grigg was seated at a little table apart.

"You intimated that your presence here was necessary?" said Mr. Montagu, returning in the very coldest fashion the humbler practitioner's salutation.

"Most necessary!"

"How?"

"As holder of the *latest* will of the deceased!"

"*You* the holder?"

"I am! You are surprised, Mr. Montagu—so was I. If you hold a will later than the 29th of May last, the one I hold is waste paper. If not, it is valid, of course."

Arthur Dallas felt a cold chill creeping over him as he remembered what had parted Mabel and himself.

"Let me see this will!" Mr. Montagu said, and Mr. Grigg produced the document from his bag and laid it on the table.

"I think before it is read," he said, "I ought to explain that the making of it was a freewill act on the part of the deceased lady. I never sought her confidence in any way, or offered advice in the matter. When she sent for me I was in complete ignorance of what she wanted me for, and was as much surprised as any one here could possibly be at the business on which I was summoned. Here is the messenger who fetched me," he added, pointing to a young stable lad at the other end of the room; "and there," after a pause, "are the two persons who signed the document as witnesses. They were not aware what it was. I think they understood it to be a lease."

The persons he pointed out now were Mrs. Dallas' housekeeper, a staid, elderly, well educated woman, who corroborated Mr. Grigg's words with a movement of her head, and the gardener, a decent man, who had lived on the estate all his life, and who said audibly:

"Yes, I signed it sure enough. That's the very paper."

Mr. Grigg offered the will to Mr. Montagu, but that gentleman said, curtly, "Read your own handiwork, sir!" and motioned him to a chair where every one could see and hear him.

He himself sat down by Arthur's side, and took the young man's hand, unseen by everyone, giving it a hearty clasp of sympathy, for they both felt that a thunderbolt of some kind was coming, though they could not guess what.

Mr. Grigg, more nervous than he would have cared to admit, cleared his throat and began.

There was nothing in the commencement of the document differing in any way from the now useless one that lay on the table before Mr. Montagu. No one had been forgotten, down to the very humblest of them. Her servants had all been remembered. Bellairs had his memento, and Pincher hers, and then the reader paused, and took a gulp from the glass of water that stood at his elbow.

It was an effort to go on with the piercing eye of Mr. Montagu full on him, and Arthur Dallas sitting looking at him with compressed lips and a very pale face.

But it had to be done, and, amid breathless silence, he read that Mrs. Dallas had left Whiteladies, and all in it and all the rest, residue and remainder of the property, and Mr. Montagu knew well what a sum that represented, not to the nephew she had reared to consider himself her heir, nor to charities, nor any friends, but "to my servant, James Bellairs." Not "my faithful servant," or any epithet coupling a reason for the strange bequest. Only the bald words "my servant" set forth the testatrix's intentions.

There was a startled exclamation of surprise and dismay, but Mr. Grigg held up his hand and went on, "for his sole use and benefit so long as he shall remain unmarried."

The servants, especially the women, looked at one another with amazement, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, and the still, white face of Arthur Dallas, who sat as though he had been turned to stone, felt a strong inclination to giggle.

Bellairs, his face turning ghastly white, started from his seat with an exclamation of horror, and poor Mrs. Pincher, into whose eyes there had come a strange triumphant light, fell from her chair in a swoon with a gasping, inarticulate cry.

"Carry her out," said Mr. Montagu, slowly, "and let us hear the rest of it. I suppose there is nothing more which concerns her."

"There is nothing more which concerns any one except Mr. Bellairs," was the reply, and Mr. Grigg went on to read some certainly curious conditions.

Bellairs was not to realize any of the property for six months; a sum named was to be allowed for the proper keeping up of Whiteladies till that time had expired. After that, if the conditions of the will were all fulfilled, he was to be absolute master and do as he pleased. If he married at any time after the will was made he was to forfeit everything but the legacy named in the beginning of the document.

There was not a word to explain the reason of the strange bequest, and those who heard it felt as though they had been listening to something said to them in a dream.

"But Mr. Dallas," said Mr. Montagu, "is nothing left to him?"

"Nothing. His name is not even mentioned. I am as much in the dark as you are, gentlemen," Mr. Grigg said, deprecatingly. "I ventured to say a word to the lady when I drew this up, but she replied that she knew what she was about, and that Mr. Dallas would understand it too."

"Mr. Dallas does not understand. Perhaps Mr. Bellairs can explain?"

Bellairs writhed under the look of scorn which the lawyer cast upon him, and replied that he knew nothing, his mistress had told him nothing.

"But that man did," said Arthur Dallas, pointing to Grigg, who was wishing himself well out of the house. "I understand what your insolence meant now. You knew what was coming."

"Not all of it. I'll take my oath of that," said Bellairs, who had been profoundly ignorant of the conditions attached to the bequest.

"You should have told me, Mr. Grigg," Mr. Montagu's aid. "I think Mrs. Dallas must have been under some delusion when she made such an extraordinary disposition of her property."

"I don't think she was. She was very anxious that you should not know, nor Mr. Dallas."

"But you told Colonel Leslie."

"Mrs. Dallas wished him to know."

It was altogether inexplicable. Mr. Grigg had no more to say, and was glad to pick up his blue bag and depart.

The servants would have followed, but Arthur Dallas stopped them with a motion of his hand.

"I have to apologize to you all," he said, in a voice which he kept from faltering by a strong effort, "for having acted during the past week as though I were master here. I believed I was so. I cannot understand it yet. And I can only appeal to the generosity of Mr. Bellairs to fulfill any promises I may have made for the sake of the mistress who has so bountifully rewarded his service to her."

CHAPTER VIII.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

The servants filed out of the room and left Arthur Dallas and Mr. Montagu alone with the new master of Whiteladies. The lawyer did not speak, but the young man turned his white face to the man who had supplanted him.

"This has been so sudden, so unexpected, Mr. Bellairs," he said, "that for the moment I can hardly think what to do. I am afraid I shall have to trespass on your hospitality for to-night. I will not trouble you longer."

"As long as you please, sir. I am a little confused. I can hardly believe what has happened yet. It is sudden, as you say."

"Do you mean to say that you did not know, that you have not known, for a week past?" said Mr. Montagu, sternly. "You have had some hand in this jugglery I think. On your own head be it if I find it out."

"As I am a living man, no!" said Bellairs emphatically. "Mr. Grigg told me, but I knew nothing more. My mistress hinted at no more than a remembrance, and always talked of Mr. Dallas there as her heir. I am as much in the dark as you are about it. Mr. Grigg says it is a legal will. That is all I know."

"Oh, it's legal enough, and it's the latest in date, but there's something in the background that has to come out yet, and I'll never rest till I let the light in upon it. I give you fair warning, Mr. Bellairs."

"You can do what you please, sir," Bellairs replied. "I shall put my affairs in the hands of Mr. Grigg, who can talk to you better than I can. I have had nothing to do with the making of that will, and I warn you not to set such a slander afloat."

"I never indulge in expensive amusements," the lawyer replied, coldly, "and I congratulate you on being thought worthy of such a token of your mistress's regard. May I also trespass on your hospitality so far as to have some private conversation with Mr. Dallas? To-morrow morning you shall be rid of us both. I shall leave here in an hour."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

That Fashion is a despot, is a world-wide acknowledged fact, and we must all confess that while she is the most capricious tyrant, we all hug the chains by which she holds us, ready to respond to each beck and nod her caprice may suggest, and as eagerly accepting her new whims to-day as we did others yesterday.

The first of September generally heralds the coming of the new creations of Fashion, although we can scarcely say we have said farewell to those of Summer, for the warm sunny days which usually reign through this month, sustain the popularity of the Summer costumes.

Dame Fashion has not yet made her Fall *debut* before the curtain and announced the various fresh novelties she has prepared, but there are usually active little messengers flitting here and there, who steal a glimpse of the hidden mysteries, and can reveal to our expectant minds a few hints of the "coming fashions."

The first appearance of Fall materials is visible on the large counters and shelves of our dress-goods shops. Among the light, delicate tints of Summer fabrics, the dark, rich colors of Autumn are already temptingly grouped on the shelves at Mr. Wanamaker's, and promise a feast as artistic and attractive as one could wish.

We can scarcely define what will be the leading model for Autumn and Winter, but the tight, straight cut of dresses copied from the time of the Directoire and Empire, is gradually being abandoned in favor of the more bouffant drapery and a return to the puffed-out effect of crinoline. The panier so much talked of is formed by a series of folds across the back, and also assumes the scarf-like effect, or is the long overskirt arranged in elaborate loops and folds on the sides and back, and forming a deep apron front. Some of the models are trimmed straight down the front with a plastron of contrasting material, while the dress material is curved in folds at the sides, or it is reversed, and the front is in folds with side panels of the contrasting material. The short costume is undoubtedly to be the predominant model for street wear, and will appear in a variety of graceful designs, having more elaborate drapery than the plain scarf so much worn in the Summer. The short skirt will not be confined to the kilted one, which is found to be too heavy for thick Winter fabrics, so in its place we will have the round gored skirt cut to clear the ground, with simple trimming, or left plain.

Double-breasted coats will be worn, fastened by the three or six buttons, and open at the neck and waist to display the vest of contrasting material. For these vests there are a variety of materials, corduroys, and tiny brocaded fabrics, representing a delicate tracery of flowers, or set figure on a plain ground; others are Oriental stripes. These appear in costly-priced velvets and silks, and cheaper textures of silk and wool. Two materials will be used in combination for costumes; much that has come in the new styles can be very well applied to the old. The style of combining plain and plaid, or figured goods, suggests many tasteful and economical arrangements to one who is at all ingenious, for it is always easy to find something in either which will harmonize with the plain-colored last Winter's dress.

We shall still retain in favor the laveuse tunic, and the pleated yoke waist, but while many of the French modistes use this model in silks as well as woollen fabrics, one cannot but regard it as suitable only for the latter, and for thin, slight figures, more especially young girls. The new pleated basque with yoke is longer than that worn in the Summer, and the pleats are laid lengthwise all around, turned towards the centre, forming a box pleat under the arm; the yoke is pointed front and back, and short on the shoulders. A stiff belt of ribbon is added, confining the pleats to the waist, or the belt is made of the dress trimmings, or plaid, or brocade. The collar of the dress material is added or omitted, as one wishes, while the sleeves are a close coat shape, with cuff. With this basque is worn the turned-up overskirt, or the long apron front draped at the sides and back, forming graceful curves, such as are seen in window lambrequins. When the laveuse style is adopted, the turned-up piece may be of the contrasting material, piped only at the top with silk of the same shade, or two or three contrasting tints.

Among the Fall wraps already visible, the cutaway coat is exhibited for general wear, for which there is a variety of loosely-woven cloths having several colors interwoven in the single shade. India cashmere and camel's hair will be reserved for mantles, on which we will have trimmings of passementeries, feathers, beads and pleated laces, and a variety of crimped fringes. Buttons are in the same handsome variety, dark inlaid tints of pearl to trim similar head-dresses, and tiny jet buttons for black silk and wool materials.

The new materials have not yet appeared in distinctive variety, but still I can give a few hints which will indicate their general style. The new color is a deep dark garnet called "Thiers red," richer and deeper than the familiar cardinal, and it is associated in all the combinations, and forms the background of many of the rich brocha and figured velvets to be used in the Winter.

Among the new materials is "Palmyra Brocha," of fine wool, on which the satiny surface has small brocaded flowers; this will be used as a trimming on plain fabrics. India cashmere appears in all the popular tints for day and evening wear, but is more loosely woven and softer than formerly. Some of them have a rough surface, but still retain the cashmere quality and effect, while camel's hair, with its soft, fleecy surface, and also loosely woven, appears in a variety of tints, which are so charming in costumes combined with silk of a similar or darker shade. The familiar bourettes with rough surface and innumerable colors, so popular for every-day wear, have been superceded by a material called "*velour*," in which the surface threads are in loops like carpet, instead of being cut and in raised knots. These raised loops form a regular square, or diamond figure on a plain surface, in Thiers red and other shades—particularly shades of olive green.

In the combinations of silk and wool for suitings there is a charming variety, in which delicate thread stripes are formed by each of the colors in the melange, while in another the stripe simulates a braid of silken or woolen threads of different colors on a plain ground.

Plaids will be a popular material for autumn and winter wear, for a short costume. The first importations show small checks, plaids and bars, and irregular outlines of plaids. Blue, green, brown, olive, red and old gold are among the combined colors, but not conspicuously visible.

The coatings of loosely woven cloths to which I have alluded, are also to take the place of bourettes for the overskirt and coat. These coatings are composed of loosely woven threads, not twilled, but forming a plain surface, and composed of a charming melange of colors, but so well massed together as to appear a plain tint at a distance, such as olive green or hazel brown, or a dark shade of blue.

Of other novelties there are also a few promising hints, among which the coming bonnet is prominent and the most interesting. Felt bonnets will be used as much as ever for constant wear; the beaver hats with long nap, in white, will be used for dress occasions. Various shapes are imported, in which there will be the two extremes, the wide flaring brim and large square crowns, and strings tied under the chin; while for those whose faces cannot adopt this style, there will be the small, close cottage shape; but the tendency is toward the large gypsy shape, in which very little face trimming will be used. Red will be the popular color, of which there will be the shades of Jacquemenot, the Magenta, the Thiers, and the dark claret or Bordeaux shades. The blues have a greenish or peacock tint, while the green will be of the darkest hue.

Ribbons will be of the two-inch width, and generally reversible in plush and velvet or velvet and satin, but not reversible in color.

Feathers have their share of novelty, and the Cashmere feathers are the newest. These are small ostrich tips, in which are visible fronds of different colors, such as garnet, pale pink and green, or olive green, pale blue and pink. Jet and gilt will not only be used as beads, but in a variety of novel ornaments. Long ostrich feathers show a combination of two or more colors, garnet and pink, olive and pale blue, Thiers red and mastic, or old gold. Jet trimming in garnet and other tints will be still used as a dress trimming. Large square buckles in gilt and silver, and jet with steel, are used with belts, and belt ribbons are elaborately embroidered or brocaded. Those with bright colors are worn with black silk dresses, so that the indication of the popularity of belted dresses is positively marked.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Embroidered House and Table Linen.—One of the latest additions to the beauty of our household surroundings, is the revival of embroidered linen. Both in France and England it has quickly become popular, and the adoption of the Russian embroidered and worked towels is the freshest and prettiest of all the new ideas for bed-room decorations. These towels are used in Russia as a sort of blind, to cover from the general view the half-soiled towels in daily use, as they hang on the towel-horse, and from a disfiguring adjunct to the prettiest bedroom. Their use has been extended to the ordinary towel, which is frequently embroidered and trimmed after the designs of the fair mistress of the mansion. "I shall never invite her on a visit to me again," said an irate leader in what is known as "high art fashion," the other day—"she shut herself up in her own room the whole morning, while she was with us, and copied all my towels!"

Outline stitch, Russian embroidery, and chain stitch are used, as well as crewel-work, for these towels. The first three are done in red and blue ingrain marking cotton, and the last in colored crewels. The general method is to purchase the bordered towels, and outline the pattern on the border, in ingrain cotton; the ends are always fringed, trimmed ends having, to all appearance, gone entirely out of date. If the diaper or huckaback be purchased by the yard, from a piece, the towel itself must not be less than a yard and a half long, five inches being allowed at each end for the fringing out. A popular style are the Russian embroidery stitches, put in so as to form a pattern. This design is for use on ordinary huckaback, and may be worked in alternate squares of blue and red ingrain cotton. The fringe of these towels is knotted, and the chain-stitch sewing machines embroider very well for this kind of ornamentation. A running pattern, or a scroll design, must first be traced on the material, and then it can be gone over with the machine, leaving the chain-stitch for the right side of the towel. The outline-stitch may be worked in eight different ways, but it will not be needful to mention more than two; the other stitch would, in church embroidery, be called "couching." It consists in sewing a coarse thread down, at equal distances, with a fine thread. The old Saxon work, the most beautiful of all embroideries, generally has the design outlined in this manner, the interior being filled up with lace stitches, executed on the material.

Holbein embroidery is also very pretty when both sides of the material are required to be alike—in other words, when there is no wrong side. It is really one of the outline-stitches, although it is unusual to class it with them; it is worked over a certain number of threads, always leaving the same number exactly between each stitch, thus making both sides of the work precisely alike. Square or geometrical designs are most suited to it, but any pattern may be carried out when once the worker is accustomed to it. I have been thus careful in mentioning the stitches in vogue for embroidering table and house linen, so that my readers will quite understand the various descriptions given, and the manner of executing them. The monogram of the owner, or the initial letter of the family name, is invariably embroidered on linen in satin-stitch, with either white or colored cotton. For napkins it is usually put at the corner, for table-cloths at one corner, or in the centre of each side, so that it hangs over the edge of the table. The monograms for table-cloths are very large; the same style and design is used of a smaller size for the napkins of the set, for the side-board and tray-cloths. Some of the table-cloths and napkins are fringed at the edges all round; this fashion, however, does not appear to have "taken" very generally. The new French designs for table-linen deserve mention. They consist of large and rather fantastic-looking birds, embroidered in the corners with threads of various colors, and even represent natural scenes, such as the Chinese gathering in the tea harvest, and Japanese costumes, or habits. The borders woven round ordinary table-linen are sometimes so pretty, that merely outlining them in red ingrain cotton is a sufficient decoration; and the napkins and side-board cloth can be worked in the same manner.

What may be almost called the "sampler" style of working linen must also be mentioned, as to those who do not feel like trying anything difficult it offers an easy but very effective decoration for towels or table-linen. In Germany this style of cross-stitch is used on linen sheets for ornamenting the ends that turn down over the bed, and even in the very poorest houses you find the bed linen more or less ornamented. The method of working is to tack a strip of canvas on the material, and work the cross-stitch with ingrain cotton, and afterwards to draw out the threads of the canvas. For linen the canvas is hardly needed, the threads being both sufficiently visible and even, and the idea is so simple that any one can weave the little squares and zig-zags for themselves as they work.

Another style, which many of my readers may recognize as a familiar old friend, is the antiquated, but recently revived sampler. The return to fashion of the primitive style of marking linen in cross-stitch, as it was done fifty or sixty years ago, was inaugurated by the new Needlework Code, and the scholar in a Board school has now her sampler, and works it as conscientiously as did her grandmother and great-grandmother before her. Marking-inks prove occasionally such disappointments, and work such direful mischief to the material upon which they are used, that one cannot regret the return of the old fashion. Children's fingers are very clever at doing little stitches of this kind, and now that we have so decidedly made a move towards the useful in girls' education, we shall require all the interesting needle-work we can find to keep them sufficiently occupied. Another method of decorating house-linen is afforded by the application of another ancient fashion—of "drawn work," which consists in drawing the warp threads of the towelling or linen, and obtaining a pattern by binder threads, in the same way as hem-stitching is done. When the weft threads are also drawn, a cross-barred design can be produced, and by the use of darning lace stitches and binder threads form an open embroidery, which was much used for ecclesiastical purposes in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and it still practised as a national industry for women in Brazil, and the other states of South America, where they do it with such skill that it becomes quite worthy of the name of lace, which they bestow upon it. Of somewhat the same nature is the old German "cut-work." This consisted in cutting and drawing both warp and weft threads, so as to leave the pattern drawn on the linen, a solid design, in a ground work of quadrangular meshes.

What are known under the name of "pillow and sheet stams," have long been in use. They really are embroidered or handsomely trimmed covers, put over the pillows of the beds by day, and over that part of the sheet which turns over. The general method of manufacturing them is to use Victoria lawn, or linen, with lace-edged frills. The linen is cut to the shape of the pillows which it is intended to cover, and the sheet stam is about half a yard wide by two yards long.

Two fashions seem at present in vogue—the first is to have a cover, to lay over the quilt, of cretonne or chints, of the same pattern as the hangings of the bed; the second idea is to have this kind of cover composed of a white sprigged or spotted muslin, with frills of the same, or lace, and lined with silk to match the prevailing tint of the room. The first of these fancies I do not admire; and if the cretonne used be a dark-colored one, there is neither light nor brightness left in the room when the attractive whiteness of the bed is covered up. I can quite understand, however, that to those people who are obliged to study economy in washing, this fashion would prove a decided advantage.

There is nothing really new under the sun. Even while I write my description of the embroidery of 1878, I am reminded of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's drawings of the Egyptian embroidery in fashion in the time of the Pharaohs. These specimens are now in Paris, at the Louvre; one of them has a broad yellow stripe, with some narrower ones laid on it, and over both is wrought a diamond pattern in needle work; the second piece has a blue ground, over which a netting pattern of white embroidery is worked, and the meshes form the outline of an irregular design of cubic shapes. The stitches used are nearly the same as the long stitch now called Russian embroidery; and one cannot help pondering over endless questions of "hows" and "whens," as one gazes at the labor of hands which crumbled into dust three thousand years ago. No, I forgot; they did not crumble into dust in Egypt, for their remains, still in preservation, grace our museums to-day. If they could have foreseen it, I should think, the embalmer's art would speedily have gone out of fashion. But, in spite of her being a mummy (one of the ugliest of things), I looked with softened eyes at my sister woman's work, and hope she never found a resting place, with her embroidery—an exile and a show—under the gilded ceiling of the Palace of the Louvre.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

LESCO, (Bowschick, Iowa.)—The word is embankment, and not imbankment.

LOT, (Phelps, Neb.)—The name Mary is Hebrew in its origin, and means bitter.

T. M. (Myersville, Md.)—The firm you speak of is utterly undeliable. Do not under any circumstances have anything to do with them.

E. W. P. (Page, Va.)—Quicksilver and mercury are the same thing. When alloyed with tin-foil in a careful manner it is used for looking-glasses.

HELEN, (Warren, N. J.)—It would be useless as well as absurd to go on thinking at all seriously of a young gentleman who, after being engaged, has forsaken you.

A. K. Y. (Rice, Minn.)—Aqua-fortis is the common name for a chemical acid known as dilute nitric acid; when more concentrated, it is called spirits of nitre.

G. G., (Erie, Pa.)—In preparing manuscript for the press write only on one side of the paper. Submit your drama to the manager of some theatre that you think it will suit.

ECLIPSE, (Waupaca, Wis.)—The Christian Era was first adopted so late as the sixth century in the reign of Justinian; and hence the various difficulties of fixing it with precision.

SUBSCRIBER, (Aberdeen, Md.)—You can make what inquiries you please, under what name you please, and if it is in our power to answer them for you, we will take the greatest pleasure in doing so.

NOVA SCOTIAN, (Yarmouth, Can.)—Peterson & Bros., publishers, of this city, publish the story you inquire about. Direct a letter to them concerning it; or, if you prefer, we will purchase it for you.

J. M. (Phila., Pa.)—One of the original plates of Hogarth would be worth something, but we cannot say how much. Such things have a mere fancy value. Ask any dealer in pictures, or old books, etc.

F. M. (Harris, Ga.)—Washing the hair with salt will not actually injure it, but it assuredly will not do it any good. The hair should not be washed with cold water every day; three times a week is sufficient.

JANET, (Marengo, Ala.)—Latin is called a "dead language" because it is no longer a living, that is, a spoken language. It was spoken by the Romans, and served as the basis of the present Italian language.

NUMBRO, (Fairfield, S. C.)—The number of changes which any number of things, as bells, letters, cards, etc., can produce, is the product of all the figures multiplied together, thus: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, bells produce 720 changes.

A. (Bullitt, Ky.)—Your composition seems to be already very good; but if you think you might improve it, the best plan would be to copy out passages from the works of popular authors and study the construction of their sentences.

K. H. (Harvey, Kans.)—A gentleman assists a lady to mount on horseback by taking her left foot in his two hands and helping her to spring up, while she holds with her right hand on the pommel, and lightly rests her left hand on the gentleman's shoulder.

S. (Clarion, Pa.)—You may, if you choose, without difficulty learn punctuation without the aid of a tutor, either by any English grammar, or, better still, by marking the mode of punctuation in any well-written and well-printed work you may read for the purpose.

E. R. X. (Lebanon, Pa.)—It is difficult to advise any one what course to adopt in order to converse properly. You should read works affording information on useful subjects, and keep yourself well acquainted with the current events of the day through the medium of the newspapers.

T. B. W. (Defiance, Ohio.)—We remember no authority for the statement that Solomon's temple was ornamented with representations of the sun, the moon, the planets, the zodiac, the elements, and the whole system of nature under numerous and ingenious emblems. Josephus, however, says sculpture was profusely used to decorate the exterior of the temple.

O. B. (New Castle, Del.)—Mozart wrote the famous requiem for a certain Count Wallsegg, who employed an agent to arrange with Mozart, this agent being the "mysterious stranger" of the legend. No doubt now exists that Count Wallsegg's object was to purchase the Requiem and pass it off as his own composition—hence the secret method of transacting the affair.

SCHOLIST, (Cayuga, N. Y.)—Bats have two pectoral teats and the thumb separated from the fingers. They fly, but they have neither feathers or beak, they are covered with hair and have teeth. They breed living young and suckle with teats. Their wings are the drapery of their bodies, except when they stretch them to fly. They fly in the dark and avoid objects not by sense, but by some other sense.

FATHER, (Coos, N. H.)—Your friend is doing a good and dutiful work, and would be unwise to allow any feeling of discontent or impatience to divert him from the course he has laid out for himself. If he is resolute and perseveres a year or two longer, some change for the better may turn up unexpectedly. As he asks advice, we give it: Do not think of any outside employment to eke out the income. Simply press on and try to do the business in hand with all the skill and energy that can be brought to bear upon it.

F. R. G. (Nineveh, Va.)—If the lady loves you and you return her love, there is no need of trying to "regain her affections," for the reason that you cannot have lost them. If you are a suitable mate for her, we confess that it seems rather hard for the parents to break off the match. Your best course would probably be to see the lady, and after assuring yourself of her faithfulness, to so conduct yourself that her people in time will withdraw their opposition to your union. If she is determined on marrying you, she will be able to let them see it, and doubtless when they find her so firm in her resolution, they will no longer withhold their consent.

T. L. (Freeport, Pa.)—Amber is a clear yellow petrifaction, and is supposed to be derived from the gum of some ancient cypress trees now extinct. It frequently encloses the bodies of flies, bugs, lizards and specimen of insects and animals that no longer exist. It is found on the coast of the Baltic sea in larger quantities than any where else in the world. The ancients set a great value on it—conjectured that it came from the stars, and even endowed it with a soul. According to fable, amber is the tears of the sisters of Phaethon, who, after he was dashed from heaven for attempting to drive the horses of his father, the Sun, were changed into weeping poplars.

MONNOR, (Phila., Pa.)—The inventor of gas lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using for the purposes of illumination the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not till 1799 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 he published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Since then various persons have contributed to perfecting the improvements.

C. (Merrimack, N. H.)—Yes. In 1782 Dr. James Price, of Guilford, Eng., pretended to have discovered the philosopher's stone, and published an account of his experiments, but being a fellow of the Royal Society, he was required on pain of exclusion to repeat his experiments before Messrs. Kirwan and Woulfe, but after some equivocation, he took poison, and died in August, 1783. He presented specimens of his gold to the King and the Royal society, and pretended that they were made by a red and white powder. His pretended discovery is now and was then generally regarded as a fallacy.

C. A. (Annapolis, Md.)—Fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses in battles on land is not against the rules of civilized warfare, as your friend maintains, in the sense which he intends to convey—that is to say, it is not considered barbarous, or uncivilized, or in any manner unfair. On the contrary, it is always practised in cavalry encounters, when both parties stand [or ride] up to the scratch. In infantry battles, fighting hand to hand with sabres or cutlasses is not practised, for the same reason that bows and arrows have been discarded—namely, because it is no longer effective. An army of infantry armed with sabres and cutlasses would stand a poor chance against one armed with muskets and bayonets.

F. (Putnam, Mo.)—You are quite old enough to judge and act for yourself, but your conduct has been neither judicious nor discreet. We do not approve of underhanded practices of any description; and your mother should have been your bosom-confidant all along. Put the case now fully before her and plead your cause sensibly. You must reason together and weigh carefully your respective grounds of difference. We quite feel the force of what you say as to your usefulness in the home circle; and it is not improbable that there may be a certain proportion of selfishness on your parent's side. But we do not know all the facts, and so find a difficulty in advising. Write again, and above all things be frank and honest at home. The further period asked for is comparatively short, but do not "shilly-shally."

P. M. D. (Moran, Ind.)—There were two ancient writers by the name of Pliny—uncle and nephew; but the former is by far the most famous. He was one of the most celebrated writers of old Rome, near which city he was born about the year 23 of the Christian era. He lost his life in an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, whither he had gone to watch the phenomenon, in the year A. D., 79. His great work entitled "Natural History" is the only one of his many productions that has descended to our times. It is one of the most curious, valuable, and interesting works of antiquity, either to the scholar or general reader. It has been translated into all of the modern languages, and by addressing an inquiry to J. B. Lippincott & Co., publishers, of this city, or Appleton & Co., New York, you could ascertain how much a copy would cost you. 2. Bay Rum is the result of a distillation of the leaves of the laurel known as the bay tree. It is also extensively produced by chemical combination. 3. Mexican and trade dollars are by some cut down in value, because they are not legal tenders—that is, a person is not by law obliged to accept them at their face value in payment of a debt. 4. Your last question we cannot answer.

BROWNIE, (Phila., Pa.)—You will probably find the following beneficial: After a journey or long walk on a hot day, it is most refreshing and beneficial to bathe the face and hands in very warm water, and from the face it will remove the very unpleasant redness and heat in a very short time, and impart a cool and delightful sensation. The application of cool water to the face and hands when heated from fatigue or exercise is very injurious to the skin, producing redness and eruptions that are very seldom, if ever, removed. By the addition of a little spirit of wine or gin to the warm water, sunburns, or tan, will be more likely prevented than by the simple application of warm water, but after a hot walk the face and hands should be bathed for at least a quarter of an hour, the hot water added as the water gets cold. After great fatigue, if a bath is not at hand, to the foot-bath may be added a few drops (sixty) of tincture of arnica, and fatigue will be speedily removed if the feet are allowed to rest in the bath about a quarter of an hour, and the hands and arms be also bathed in the same way. After rowing or driving, ladies will find these directions very useful. 2. Your handwriting is exceedingly pretty and tasteful.